

Etalotus

If all were dark and all were free and I was you
Who would you be?
If dark were day and day was night, I'd shine a light
What would I see?
The loti grow where none ever go
And hands float across the face of the sun
Her name is not known, she bares no grimace
But when the sun goes down
The lights go off.
When the air is empty
And the air is clean
The abyss opens.
Where it goes, no one knows
So grab a hand
Cross the river
Cross the land
Cross the border
Before you know it, Etalotus will find us
And we'll be nowhere to be found.

David Golden



Photo by David Golden

Jack-o-Lantern

She was your jack-o-lantern.
You plucked her from the warm earth,
ripped her sweet, bristling stem
and carried her in your rough arms.
You sliced open her head
scraping out the hidden core
with your cold, bare hands
in ripe, dripping heaps—
useless, left to rot in a garbage can.
You cut into her flesh and sliced her eyes
a jagged, smiling mouth
so she could breathe, smile, see the world.
She was your jack-o-lantern.
Your memory remains,
illuminating her skull
like a single candle
forever hissing, burning
blackening her insides.

Rebecca Winsor



Heard Through The Grapevine

I hear the sound of the bones
crack like
a child playing wishbone
at the
Thanksgiving table.

I hear the skin rip
like the seams
On a fat woman's dress.

I hear the blood flow
like a flashflood.

Then, I hear nothing.

Lauren Racenstein

The Convertible Bus

I was sitting in the pub garden when I started to drift off into a daze. After about 5 minutes I was completely entranced in a dream about a bus.

The bus was a regular school bus until one day when it went under a low bridge and the top of the bus came flying off.

Well the bus driver, Sammy, thought it was cool to have a bus with no top. Sammy drove that bus all the time.

One day when Sammy had a bunch of kids in the bus, he stopped short by accident and the kids went flying out of the bus, onto the pavement, and were unfortunately run over by the bus.

Unfortunately for Sammy, he was arrested and sentenced to life imprisonment and a fine of \$1,000,000.

After I saw a mental picture of Sammy being jailed I woke up instantly all sweaty and listening to the song "Yellow Submarine."

Brett Kizner

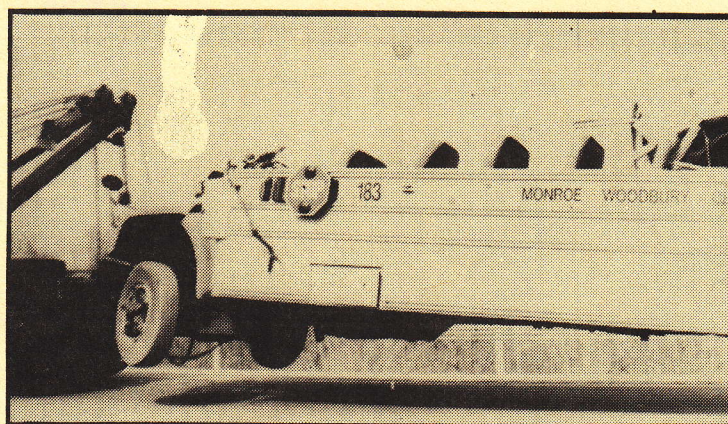


Photo by Brett Kizner

The Two-Headed Horse

Once upon a time there was a farmer with a crazy idea of breeding a two-headed horse. The farmer worked hard for many years. He spent millions of dollars and hired scientists to help him. After a while, he figured out what to do. The farmer would take the genes of a female horse and sort out the genes she did and did not need. Then he repeated the process with a male horse. After days of separating the good from the bad, they mixed the sets of genes, and injected them into the female to produce a baby.

After a couple of months, the farmer hired a doctor to help him during the birth. After four hours of surgery, the baby horse was able to move around, but it had two brains, and every time a different brain went to do a different thing, the heads would try to pull apart and they would end up fighting.

After about five weeks of watching the horses fight, the farmer figured it would do him more good killing the horse and stuffing it, so that's what he did. And whenever you buy stuff from his farm, a picture of the horse is the logo on the wrapper.

Brett Kizner

Exposé

a trace
of your gentleness still echoes
across my skin
your advice

measured fire
has left its smoke
hanging in my ears

but you
have faded
the warm bath that used to be
your presence
cooling, pooling to lukewarm stagnance
to ice down my back
your words
drained of blood

and I am frozen
and I am burning

a horseradish flood
thick and churning
full
of sharp edges, blunt instruments
fills sections of my howling mind
where you used to stay

the touch of your attention
stepping
from behind its veil of compassion
revealed as rotten oranges
sour hypocrisy leaking
from every gesture

you say you want
to stand
(out)
alone

and you will
as increasingly you become
a tree that despite seeming
integrity
decays inside
a hollow ruin, shaking
at the thought of
truth coming

a purifying storm
to topple you

Kate Schapira



"The Unknown"

The wind blows with an undescrivable coldness.
It carries with it fear, and evil,
and it calls my name.
Eyes red as blood glow in the darkness.
Noises surround me and send shivers down my spine.
With every step, I feel more unsteady,
and my fear increases.
I begin to run, but I am surrounded.
Nowhere to go, nowhere to hide.
The eyes begin to close in.
Closer...
closer...
closer still.
I cannot fight back.
So I enter the darkness,
and let them consume me.

Mike Roth



The Monkey

The tracks shudder as the A-train rumbles by, casting flickering shadows over graffiti-covered walls. The train is scattered with late-shift commuters, dozing off and on in weary oblivion. None of them bother to look past the windows into the shadows, where two tall men carrying staves lead a young girl through the dim tunnels. Cloaked in dark purple robes with hoods of the same color drawn over their faces, the men walk swiftly and silently, perfectly in sync. The girl is dressed in a childish white shift, soiled from the grime of the tracks; her dark hair hangs over her face in strings. She is unmistakably beautiful, even under the dirt - well-formed features emerging slowly into the ripe sensuality of young womanhood. Her face is dull and expressionless. She makes no attempt to escape.

Beyond the train tracks, there lies a maze of abandoned causeways and tunnels, crumbling from disuse. The concrete walls are covered with the symbols of a hundred teenage gangs, the rebel members all long dead. The men wear high boots, but the girl is barefoot and ankle-deep in the filthy water. It spatters over her legs as she plods apathetically through the muck. Amphibious eyes peer out at the procession from cracks in the walls. Once, a rat runs over her foot, squealing hysterically. Wickedly sharp claws pierce the delicate marble of her skin, leaving pinpoints of blood. She does not cry out, or even seem to notice. They move quickly through multitudes of grim passages, the only light filtering through grates long since rusted shut. The graffiti peters out and finally disappears; the casual onlooker might wonder if any human being besides the builders has ever passed through these walkways - if something made them abandon the construction nearly completed and escape it in terror, leaving it to its own sinister practices.

The three come to a sharp bend in the tunnel and turn, abruptly, into a huge chamber. It must originally have been meant as a lobby, or perhaps a rest-station, for it is immense; the arched ceiling is hundreds of feet high, its huge skylights obliterated by the dust and grime of decades. A single spotlight, originating from some invisible source up in the rafters, shines on an empty spot in the middle of the room. The corners are murky, nearly invisible. A constant, almost inaudible rustle, as of thousands of small animals crushed close together and rubbing flanks, issues forth from the darkness. The visible part of the chamber is empty.

The men in purple shove the girl roughly forward, and she falls to her knees. They push their hoods back from their faces and move to stand behind her, one at each shoulder. Their faces seem oddly malformed - brows thrust too far forward, chins too pronounced, complexions oddly muddy. But they are strongly built under the robes, and stand sharply at attention, feet at shoulder width and hands clasped behind their backs. From the shadows, anticipatory eyes gleam out at the dark tableau. A hush falls over the room.

Suddenly, a burst of light explodes into the middle of the chamber as thousands of tiny spotlights dart through the air, round and round like a silvery laser carousel. The girl raises her head in wonder, gazing raptly about her. The men fall to the floor behind her, reverently knocking their heads against the cement. Lightdrops fall in the girl's hair, bringing her to life like an ethereal Medusa. She raises her arms towards the skylights, and for a moment she is breathtaking.

The spotlights slow and finally stop, melding to the first in the center of the room. A crack appears around the circumference of the spotlight. The circle of floor under the huge floodlight rises a few inches into the air, pauses, and slides swiftly aside. And then, slowly, an enormous throne rises into view.

In the throne sits a horrible freak of nature, a simian fifteen-feet high or more. Its fur is matted and tangled, caked with filth. A horrible stench of brimstone rises from it and twists in the smoky air. One leathery hand holds a staff topped with a tarnished lightning bolt, the other carelessly taps out some primal rhythm on its monstrous thigh. Its gaze falls upon the girl, purple eyes blazing, and a terrible grin slowly widens across its face, revealing huge, rotting teeth. The girl shrieks in horror and flings herself towards the tunnel, but one of her escorts shoots out a hand and restrains her. Quickly, effortlessly, he twists her arm behind her back and she falls awkwardly to the floor, crying out in pain.

The monkey raises one enormous hand and snaps its fingers. Two harlequins, emaciated and grinning, appear from behind the throne and throw themselves forward in oddly graceful flips. The girl shrieks and hides her face as they rush towards her. Their pale, grinning faces seem to loom interminably over hers. With tremendous synchronized leaps, they sail directly over her, land behind the men in purple, and cartwheel around back towards the throne. The girl crouches in the dirt, sobbing hysterically. The monkey

nods, satisfied.

One of the escorts gently picks her up. He carries her to the throne and kneels. His face is grim, expressionless.

"We bring this to you."

Another grin creeps across the horrible visage. A voice like a handful of razors being ground together roars out through the chamber:

"Give her to me."

The girl rises into the air, revolving slowly. Her arms hang limply by her sides and her pale face tilts back at an improbable angle. She comes to rest at the level of the monkey's face. Huge arms enfold her. One last shudder runs through her body. A weak breath forces its way out of her chest, staggering like an old woman's slow gait.

Her breathing stops.

Time passes.

A boy in a white shirt stumbles around the corner into the chamber and falls to his knees. He has put up more of a fight, and the air screams out of his chest in ragged gasps as he kneels between the men in purple. The spotlight whirls. The throne rises. The whispering from the perimeter of the room ceases.

In the throne sits the monkey. In one hand, he holds his staff. On his lap sits a Toulousian harlot, dressed in a garish red negligee. Red feathers poke high out of the tattered beehive of her hair. A streak of magenta lipstick slashes across her mouth and onto the beginning of her wasted cheek. As the men in purple raise the boy to his feet, one of the monkey's leathery hands slips casually inside the lace of her gown and caresses her shoulders. There is a ripping sound as yet another seam tears and the lace stretches slowly apart. She smiles a blank, seductive smile at him. He leers back at her.

"And so, my poppet, my precious one, how are we tonight?" He gets no response, but she reaches out automatically and kisses his primatian hand. His leer turns into a frown, and he reaches out quickly and with a flick of his huge fingers, snaps her wrist back. The crack, loud and sudden as a pistol-shot, echoes and reverberates throughout the chamber.

"Not in front of company, my dear," he murmurs. "Our guest will think us rude. Where are our manners tonight?" Her hand dangles from her broken wrist like a dead animal, but still she smiles vacantly at him.

At the snap of her wrist, the boy looks up sharply. When he sees the girl on the monkey's lap, his eyes open wide. His breath catches in his throat. He tries to speak, but chokes on his own words.

The monkey has already forgotten about him and all his attention is focused on the girl. One of the escorts coughs once, delicately. The monkey looks up, angry at the disruption.

"TAKE HIM AWAY!" he roars angrily. "I am not interested in him. He is nothing."

* From behind the throne, the two harlequins emerge. Hands over feet, they roll towards him. He finally forces one anguished word out, a terrible shriek of despair.

At the sound of her name, the girl looks up sharply. A faint ghost of recognition flashes over her face, but passes as rapidly as it came, leaving her with nothing but dull holes in place of eyes. She turns to the monkey once again.

The throne begins descending as the harlequins reach the boy. His last impression is that of an emaciated face leaning close to his, breathing polluted air into his nostrils. Overcome by whatever foul acid sustains life in the clown, he loses consciousness, mercifully, before skeletal hands reach out and break his neck.

He, at least, does not awaken.

Reign Of Terror

What is it I see when I grasp at the icon
posed before me
like a gargoyle created to discount through default
the horrors that these walls will hear. You see

It can promise worse

With a menacing stare or a
grin that enunciates evil.
...Created in our image ...
like all of Voltaire's beliefs
this one too has its place
among the brambles and the hollow passageways
that labyrinth with the stunted growth.
He learned how to court the queen
and avoid her guillotine with words
that were equal match for any cult of the divine being;
as long as there is rationality.
But forget that for a moment.
How many times have you burned your feet on the sand below you?
Was that not a rational act, made of your own volition
and this desire to exist in a dreamlike state
of horrors
well it is the attraction of gargoyles
they scare away the real monsters under the bed.

Jess t. Meed



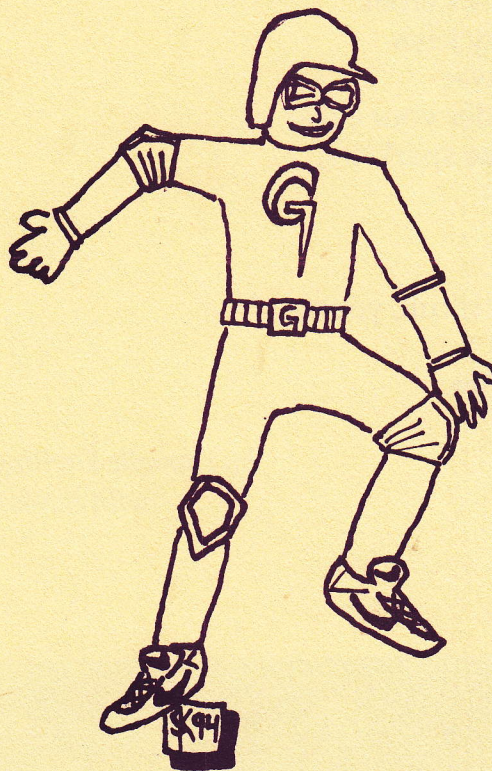
Night in America

Night falls,
lonely motel signs burn blue
like desperate fireflies,
the moon scorches its holy circle
into an ignorant abyss of dark.
Faeries trapped in streetlights
by the highway,
leading everywhere and nowhere.
Leaves flutter to earth
from withered trees to concrete—
forgotten prophecies,
ground hard under the feet of
the bitter, lifeless people
trudging down the sidewalk, looking downward
occasionally glancing upward
as if hoping to spy a neon angel
breaking free
from the flashing billboards in the sky.
Tonight they close their eyes
and their heads will flicker green
with forests remembered—
running barefoot, scattered sunbeams,
flowers melting into soft lights.
Alarm clocks ring
they are jolted back to this world
where everything's sacred and nothing's sacred
The stark, light drenched city
the gaping sore of sunrise
the blackness of a new day.

Rebecca Winsor

GUY

Once, there was this little Guy
Who'd bounce around up in the sky;
This little Guy would soar and fly.
From place to place this Guy would go,
Always quickly, never slow,
Through wind and rain and hail and snow.
Then one day, Guy saw a thing
That made his warning bell go DING:
A plane that had a burning wing.
However, since he was so small,
He could not help the plane at all;
He could only watch it fall.
And fall it did, and in a flash,
It landed with a giant CRASH,
Exploded—nothing left but ash.
Guy, he felt tremendous guilt
For all the innocent blood spilt,
And so he headed home and built
A time machine, which took some work.
(It would be tough for Captain Kirk.)
But Guy worked hard, he did not shirk.
And finally, when he was through,
He had a time machine, brand new.
Guy entered it, and off he flew!
He went back in time to right before
The plane (the one that was no more)
Had taken off. Guy had to ensure
That he could keep the horrible fate
That he had seen on a future date
From happening, before too late.
Guy told someone to check the wing.
They replied, "Okay, sure thing!"
And ended up discovering
The thing that caused the fatal CRASH,
That completely turned the plane to ash.
And it was fixed up in a flash.
So no one who was on that plane
Ended up in any pain,
Thanks to Guy who came from Spain.



Now here's the epilogue, which won't be written in poetic form, because I've had enough of that. As you might see, that last line ends sort of strangely, but I couldn't think of anything else that rhymed to use. The moral of this story: don't be sad if anything bad happens, just build a time machine and go change it.

Mike Kaplan

My Love, My love or The Peasant Boy

play me
your piano.
absentminded,
shave elbow's crook
between my keys.
thrust the war
wound under your coils
transfer, like sparklers,
into my
twinned
eyes.
if this light is full, yours,
go ahead,
set me on fire.

by Danielle Dreilinger
(with thanks to Rosa Guy for the title)



Print by Lori Feldstein

"No Longer"


In life we walk in an endless circle.
Alone, and open armed to whatever may come,
be it good or bad.
In the world we climb a mountain with no summit,
on which the slightest mistake could mean death,
In our dreams, scenes play through our mind.
They seem to have no end.
Words have no meaning,
and thoughts are no longer real.
Reality is just recurring illusions accessible only by thought.
No longer is there anything of importance.
No longer is there anything real.

Mike Roth

"The Struggle"

Sadness crawls over me like waves in an ocean.
It crashes into me again and again,
continuously knocking me off balance,
until
I fall.
I grow cold, my vision is blurred,
and I become weak.
I am pulled into darkness,
and I struggle to keep afloat.
But I fail,
and I sink,
down...
down...
down...
until I drown.

Mike Roth



Shatters

"Jim has three bottles, one which can hold a maximum of three liters, one which can hold a maximum of four liters, and one which can hold a maximum of seven liters. He has to bring home exactly two liters. How can he do it?" I finished reading the problem. "I've had this before!" I exclaimed hurriedly.

"But that's impossible," Kelly, my idiotic math partner, stated, confused as usual. "I've had this problem before too, but the sizes of the bottles were different. I think it's just a typo."

"Oh yeah, Kelly, it's just a typo," I said to her sarcastically. "You're such an idiot!"

"Oh, you just want to spend the whole period doing a wrong problem?!" she spit back defiantly.

"Kelly, it's not wrong, and even if it was, Mrs. Galino would never tell us it was," Marcy, my other math partner, shot back at her. Marcy was considerably attractive, even though she looked like she was 30. Her shoulder-length dark hair was pulled behind her ears, and framed her china-doll face. Her lips were pushed into a coy smile, one you would never expect to see on a high school freshman. Kelly had blond hair and blue eyes, and was considerably unattractive. She had a long, pale, and unusually shaped face, combined with an expression that declared her stupidity to the world.

"Well, I still think that we should go to another problem," Kelly declared, her shrill voice breaking the monotony.

"Okay, fine," I agreed. "Let's go to four. Number four--"

"Ummm, Jason?" Marcy interrupted. "Your head's leaking."

"What? Oh, God." Water was dripping off of my hair and had drenched the entire paper.

"Ewww!" Kelly cried in disgust.

"Oh, it's just water!"

"Yeah, right, it looks like grease."

"Oh, yeah, it's grease. I just came back from the boys' bathroom and used water to slick back my hair."

"Well, if it's water, then why is it making the paper all greasy?"

"I don't know! Who does know what's in this school's water?"

"Oh, ha ha. You're funny."

"Shut up, you stupid..."

"Please, everyone," Marcy interrupted again. "Kelly, it's water." She turned to me. "Although I don't think you need that much water to slick back your hair."

"What?!"

"Well, I mean, the way it's all back like that, and how it's all totally black, I don't know. It makes you look sleazy."

"Sleazy?!"

"Yeah, I don't know. It makes you look like a mobster. Your eyes are cool, though. They're turquoise."

"They're not turquoise. They're green."

"They're turquoise."

"They're green!"

"What's so bad about turquoise?"

"It's a girlie color. And they're green!"

"If you weren't wearing a green shirt they'd look even more turquoise."

"If I wasn't wearing a green shirt, you wouldn't be able to tell the difference between the green in my eyes and the perfect green on my shirt."

"Excuse me, we have to work here!" Kelly told us in her idiotic manner.

"Fine," I said angrily. "Kim has an even number of quarters, twice as many nickels, and five more dimes than he has quarters. He has \$38.75 in all. How many dimes does he have?"

"Wait a second..." Marcy started. "Kim's a guy?"

"Yeah, I guess so," I said to her. "He must be Chinese or something. Haven't you ever heard of a guy named Kim?"

"No."

"Well, then, *you're* just a loser."

"Wait a second..." Kelly said, looking at her paper. "This is impossible."

Oh, God. I sunk my face into my hands. When was this period going to be over?

"Okay, I think we're just going to have to do the guess and test method," Marcy said. "Let's try two quarters." I lifted my head.

I scribbled a few numbers onto my paper. "Okay, I don't think two will work." Just as I said that the loud-speaker crackled. The voice of Mrs. Rollinson, our vice-principal, boomed over the classroom.

"Excuse me for this interruption. Would Alicia Carlysle, Jason DeCortaz, Christina Armsythe, Mark Adrino

and Lisa Costarci please report to the office. I repeat, would Alicia Carlisle, Jason DeCortaz, Christina Armsythe, Mark Adrino and Lisa Costarci please report to the office. Thank you."

"Jason, they called your name," Marcy said to me.

"No!" I responded sarcastically. "What was that? They called my name?! The hell you say!"

"Shut up!" she responded.

"I never shut up," I told her as I walked across the room.

"What do they want?" Marcy said, forgetting about the whole thing.

"How should I know? They're all on my bus, though," I said as I walked out the door. As I closed it, I saw Alicia walking down the hall with her stuff, too. "Yo, Alicia!" I called out to her.

"Oh, hi!" Her blond hair fell over her face.

"Do you know what they want?"

"No, but it probably has something to do with Ryan."

"Ryan who?"

"You know, Ryan Klastin. On our bus?"

"Yeah, what about him?"

"Well, didn't you see what happened to him?"

"No."

"Oh. Well, the seniors were making fun of him pretty bad. I think he was crying."

"Oh. Well, that's sad. What a loser."

"Yeah, I know."

"So, what, you think he went crying to the office?"

"Yeah."

"Oh, okay. So then why would they want us?"

"I don't know. I think there were about six seniors making fun of him, and they probably want us for that equal number of witnesses rule." I realized that we were right outside the office.

We both stepped inside. One of the secretaries was at the desk.

"What do you want?" she asked us.

"We were just called to the office," I told her.

"Okay, just go down that hall and enter the door on the... right." We walked down the hall, and when we opened the door, sure enough, there was Ryan, tears streaming down his cheeks, Mrs. Rollinson, and most of the seniors on my bus. I turned around and saw Lisa right behind me.

"Okay, who are we waiting for?" Mrs. Rollinson asked.

"Mark and Christina."

"Okay, sit down." We sat down.

After about a minute, Mark came through the door with Christina right behind him.

"Okay, everyone, sit down," Mrs. Rollinson told them. At that point she began droning on about what had happened and how we were supposed to be respectful to each other. I didn't pay any attention. Whenever she asked me something, I just said, "I don't know," and really, that was the most truthful answer I could give her. Anyway, I started paying attention right about at this point: Mrs. Rollinson asked what they could have done to make him cry like that, and Derek something-or-other said that he was "just a loser." Mrs. Rollinson started screaming at him and brought him out into the hall with her, then she brought out all of the other seniors, and then Ryan. Everything was pretty boring until Alicia lay back and put her feet on Mrs. Rollinson's desk. "Alicia, don't," I told her.

"Why not?" she asked. "God, Jason, don't be such a wet blanket."

"I'm not being a wet blanket, but Mrs. Rollinson could come in at any moment."

"Oh, yeah, I could care less."

"Uh, Alicia? It's, 'I couldn't care less.' I could care less is meaningless."

"Like I give a... What is she doing?"

"Yelling." "

"Well, duh. Now what were we talking about again?"

"I don't remember."

"God, will Miss Horse-face ever shut up?" Mark asked, obviously referring to Mrs. Rollinson.

"Probably not."

"Oh, my God, I don't believe we're missing class for this," Christina said. The back of her cheerleader skirt ruffled against the desk she was sitting on. She was also wearing a Jackrabbits (our school name) jacket and her curly blond hair was pulled back in a ponytail. She didn't cast the traditional healthy image of a cheerleader, and she was slightly overweight. Her face was bottom-heavy and she usually shot everyone cold, cold glances.

"Oh, poor baby, you're actually missing class," Alicia said. Alicia was blond as well, although her hair was a little bit darker. Unlike Christina, she was very attractive; however, her face was so flawless and wholesome, it left her with absolutely no mystery. Of course, wholesome is not the best of words to describe Alicia Carlisle. Lisa was unlike

any of them, and had loose, curly, dark hair, and an oval face. She was extremely sophisticated and didn't seem to care about any of us. Mark had dirty blond hair that was really short and had a center part. He was popular, albeit quiet. For the moment, he was sitting on a desk as well, doing very little.

"Alicia, just stop doing that," I told her. "It's not worth the risk."

"To me it is." She cursed.

"What?" I asked.

"Did you feel that?"

"Feel what?"

"Nothing." I felt something move under me. "There it was again!" she exclaimed.

"What do you think it was?" I asked her.

"An earthquake! Holy-" The ground shook again, and much harder this time. She fell backwards off her chair and her head landed on the back of a file cabinet. She did a backwards somersault off of it. The ground shook again and the cabinets began to rattle. She threw an arm up but it was too late to stop from being trapped under hundreds of pounds of metal and note cards.

Mark saw what was going on and stood up on his chair. He jumped off before he could get a good footing on his seat. He vaulted himself forward to the hall door with such force that he hit his head on the wood on his way down. He grabbed the knob and pulled the door toward him so hard that it looked like he fell backwards. Try as he might, he was unable to pull open the door, and the ground shook again. With a loud curse, he fell backwards head-first and landed in a small pool of blood.

By this point I had finally realized what was going on and jumped under Mrs. Rollinson's huge desk, the closest sanctuary I saw.

Christina was walking around aimlessly, nearly falling with every jolt of the quake. I grabbed her skirt and pulled her down, not without her hitting her head on the back of the desk during the trip. I dragged her under the desk with me, not sure whether she was unconscious or not. I was totally unaware of where Lisa was and was so scared that I stopped breathing. Smaller desks near the walls started collapsing, and I feared the one above me would, too. A jolt later, I heard Lisa screaming. After two more "uneventful" jolts, the earthquake stopped. I pushed Christina out of the way and stood up, seeing Lisa huddled in the corner, seemingly unharmed. I looked downward and saw that Christina had apparently come to.

"What happened?" she asked groggily as she put her hand up to her head.

"Nothing much," I said as I ran over to Mark. He was either unconscious or dead, I couldn't tell which, but it didn't seem to me like one fall had sent him hurtling to his grave. I looked toward the file cabinets and saw Alicia's hand still sticking up in the air. I was about to try to get the file cabinets off of her when I heard Christina mumble, "Why is it so hot in here?" I shuddered in fear as I realized that it was. I made a mad dash for the hall door and twisted it as hard as I could. When I opened it, I saw a fire spreading throughout the hallway. Someone's arm was sticking up from the fire, his hand still clasped around the other side of the doorknob. As my arm dropped in horror, I realized that my life had suddenly gotten a lot more complicated.

Jake Lilien

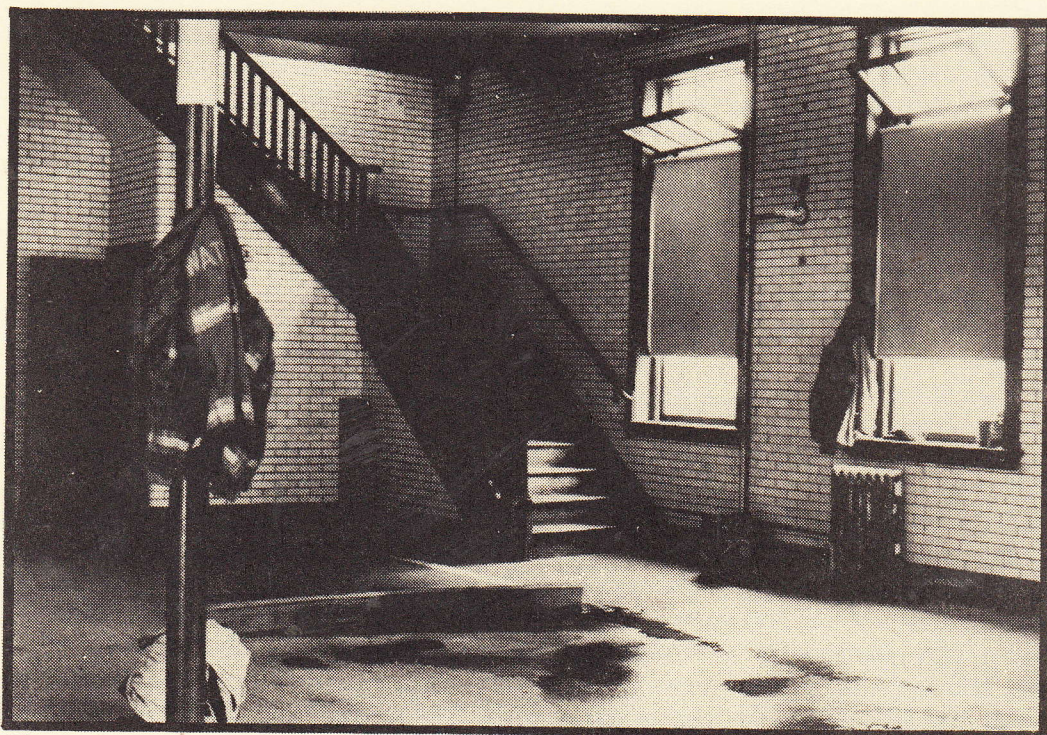


Photo by Emily Mae Weinstein

Dread

Alone I sit, here in bed
remembering all of my childhood dread
doors slamming, people screaming
secrets untold and parents steaming
throwing his clothes into the shower
never home at any hour
tears every day for fear of him gone
later finding my feelings pawned
for trips to a movie, an arcade, or a park.
My inside feeling was always dark.
I didn't understand—I was only ten
but I didn't want it to happen again.
Now I find I face the fear
that relations won't last another year.
My past comes out every day
in things I do and things I say.
I must prove to myself that things can last
and not base all relationships on my past.
It's essential to my mission to keep in mind
that I can heal if I can find
the cause and effect of each manifestation
of what has grown in my imagination,
of what enlarges inside of me
with each new opportunity.
Will it last? Will it be o.k.?
Must I leave? Should I stay?
These questions run through my head.
They all began with this childhood dread.
Conquering this is my goal
for it has taken an awful toll
and is potentially killing my psyche
along with the ones I chose to like.

Sharon Levine

Ballet

Graceful figures emerging from darkness
A story in motion begins to take place
A dancer whirls across the stage
Bright lights shining on her face.

Costumes create images
And each sees his own
A princess in her chariot
Or a king upon his throne
Satin roses adorn sparkling gowns
In soft material, a ballerina seems to drown.

But before the dazzling costumes
Before the shining lights
Practicing is in the mind
To put forth the best each night.

It can seem relentless, although the reward is great
And depending on how hard you work,
you can decide your own fate.

Ballet calls out to me
Its beauty engulfs me
And on stage is where
I will always, truly be.

Francesca Jenkins



In a Distance

There is a shining star,
Alone
In the pitch black night
That flickers
 on,
 and off,
 and on,
Like a lightbulb.

And on that star,
Lies a lonely boy,
Wondering.
Am I alone? or
Is there someone else
Out there -
Another boy,
Just like me.
Thinking
The exact same thoughts.


Matthew Langille

A Sigh, But Why?

There is a slight breeze,
Down
By my knees
But as the sun shines,
Right behind

I weep,
Asking myself,
What shall I do?
I start to cry,
 Not knowing.
With a slight breeze,
Down
By my knees
While the sun shines,
Right behind.

Matthew Langille



Untitled

The sapphired sky's hazed,
its lustrous beauty tainted
by the sunset's sweet whispers of scarlet and sienna.
As the darkness protruded
the sky cried out, yet its words were in vain,
the darkness now reigned.

Two birds took refuge in a hallow tree,
its strong branches prostrate to the raging storm,
the birds shaken in their new settledness,
but as the darkness reached its zenith,
it subsided, and the stars shone bright,
the birds again fell to roost
and the sun majestically rose above the pristine ocean and sweet grasslands.
Again the sun etched its red gaze upon the earth,
filling the world with its serene perfection.

Adam Brin



Photo by Avi Salzman

Exposé

a trace
of your gentleness still echoes
across my skin
your advice

 measured fire
has left its smoke
hanging in my ears

but you
have faded
the warm bath that used to be
your presence
cooling, pooling to lukewarm stagnance
to ice down my back
your words
drained of blood

and I am frozen
and I am burning

a horseradish flood
thick and churning
full
of sharp edges, blunt instruments
fills sections of my howling mind
where you used to stay

the touch of your attention
stepping
from behind its veil of compassion
revealed as rotten oranges
sour hypocrisy leaking
from every gesture

you say you want
to stand
(out)
alone

and you will
as increasingly you become
a tree that despite seeming
integrity
decays inside
a hollow ruin, shaking
at the thought of
truth coming
 a purifying storm
to topple you

Kate Schapira



Jackie Paper

Little Jackie Paper loved that bastard puff
And so she huffed and puffed some more
too much was not enough
Then bands of red burst from the sun
Acid burned the chains
The music....the people
They became what they were
We were left with ourselves:
Nothing left to lose
Nothing left to blame
Jackie Paper just stood and watched
Don't know how, don't know why
But like a silhouette in the wind she passed by
Each time taking with her
A piece of our own
Fly, Jackie Paper, fly.

David Golden



Dark

The dark is like a hand
that takes you by surprise,
and staying in the light
is what I do advise.

The dark is a lonely place
where I don't want to go,
what's lurking in those scary corners
is what we'll never know.

A black pit of darkness
is what is formed at night,
and even though the moon is shining
the darkness steals the light.

The trees huddle together
like a scared child in its bed,
the leaves cover the branches
and a blanket covers the child's head.

Judith Yellin

Shadow

A shadow is a dark image
that follows you around,
and every time you see it
it's lying on the ground.

It goes away at night
to a far away place,
it hides there until morning
and then it shows its face.

This mysterious form of darkness
follows wherever you go,
It stays right behind you
whether you go fast or very slow.

This creepy thing may seem
like it's sticking to your shoe,
but surprisingly enough
it is the spitting image of you.

Judith Yellin

A Guy Named Edwin

There is a guy named Edwin who lives in a town named Beaksville. He wears a lot of gold jewelry. His favorite piece is a big heavy necklace. At night before going to bed he enjoys singing opera music, especially Pavarotti. When he goes to sleep he sleeps with his teddy bear George that he got from his Aunt Georgette. In the morning he takes his sports car called Margaret that is purple with blue tires to school. Before classes start he eats bugs outside to gross out the girls. His favorite is ladybugs but he also likes red ants. He also sets the animals free in Biology class. After Biology Edwin has a language class. He speaks French, Russian and Pig Latin (he learned it when he was two years old). Edwin dyes his hair every month. He colors it red, orange, blue, green and purple. He has been doing it since he was four. For vacations Edwin goes Scuba diving for sunken treasures, he likes to look for more gold jewelry. On other vacations he likes to go to the animal farm. He goes to see the hogs a lot at the animal farm. Now he really wants a hog farm. Then, when he grew up, he had a hog farm and never got married, because all the girls felt he spent too much time with the hogs. Edwin and the hogs lived happily ever after.

Emily Esca



The peacefulness and harmony
of a place from far away
totally negates the actual
bitterness that lives in every
animal, vegetable, mineral,
person, place, thing.

The bitterness:

to turn a friend into an enemy.
to turn an innocent baby into a vicious toddler,
to a resentful teen, to a bitter adult.
to make a child frustrate another by
stealing sacred lunch money.
to make the phone operator charge
you 15 cents extra for nine seconds overtime
and frustrate you because you
only have 10 so you have to
bill it to the other party's
number, and when they don't call
you back to continue your conversation
about pink frosted lip gloss and
spandex bike shorts
you're frustrated
so you're happy about that 15 cents extra that they have to pay.

All adding to the tension:

building up, pushing my temples
in until my jaw shatters from
the pressure; then I can't chew
the peppermint Carefree gum that I
love so much and the phone becomes
a fantasy and corrective surgery
becomes reality and I don't know
what to do because I missed
90210 because I was comatose for 3 months.

Then it fades—fades to black,
and the bitterness is gone.

Lauren Racenstein

Ghosts of passion fade into the air
You were gentle,
I felt like your child when you held me
But the same arms could push me away-
And they would, then pull me close again
Suctioned in by adoration
Of the shadows that you wore
And the tenderness of your features
So pale I could not see their fragility-
I thought it was my fault;
I dreamed, I whispered, I wondered-
Therefore it was destined to die
Erosion doomed us to forever
In the cold, stale wind
And loneliness of tiring nights.

Alexis Greer



Photo by Ariana Moses

Safety Blanket


Eight o'clock Express,
going nowhere.
She's just along for the ride,
watching the huddled masses
and rundown buildings rush past.
She closes her eyes
to shut out the bleakness of it all.

She clutches him close to her-
brown ruffled fur,
holed out glassy looking eyes,
a plastic smile.
He's her safety blanket.

Under heavy lidded eyes,
as if in an audience
she watches.
After a play,
each insignificant audience member
goes home to their
little old colonial house with black shutters,
or
just a rundown shack somewhere.
They will probably never again
meet that young couple that looked lovingly at each other,
or
the tired old woman
with a bundled baby in her arms.

But soon,
they remember
that tired old woman
with her bundled baby
in her arms
as God
contentedly moves us around
like chess pieces-
or is it just fate?
What we fear most
has the biggest impact on us.
And then
where will our safety blankets be?

Emily Epstein



Poster Child

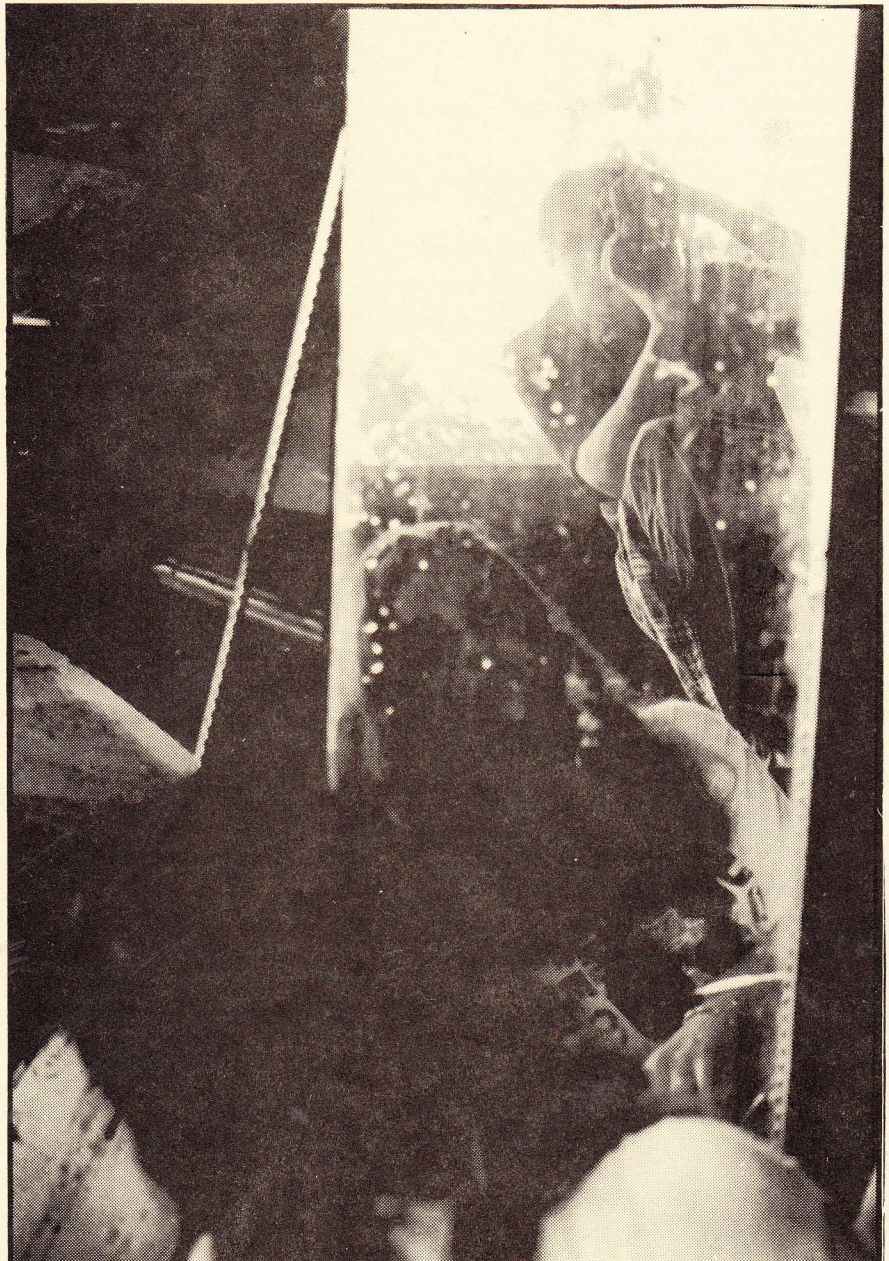
she's set up a shrine
on her wall a constellation
of all her favorite stars

wallowing in sullen faces and greek
statue bodies she lies
on her bed, stargazing
feeding on their adored faces
kissing them with her eyes
enslaved by an eyebrow, a jawline
a trick of the light

the slim beauties with sly
flower faces who play
opposite
her many
true loves
aren't treated so kindly
they must pay for their proximity
and so, ritual sacrifices, they smile
unconcerned about the pins
in their beckoning eyes, ink frizzing
their waterfall hair
scratches across their sultry pouts
as if to silence them

or does she de-
face them so her paper lovers
will turn instead to
her, the nonentity
slightly
chubby, more than slightly ordinary
girl who stares up at them believing
that only in this way
can she touch the stars

Kate Schapira



Are you sure you really want to join me,
To accept my invitation to follow my
promise that you will be protected
I have never lied
that is not to say that I can guarantee
your safety.
You met me with one foot on the tight rope,
when you left I was doing cartwheels with pure assurance
that I would not fall
The height was an illusion,
Or perhaps I forgot to mention
that I face all my fears.
Insanity is not one of them
It's a terror,
a paranoia of losing control for one moment.
A failure to sense my boundaries and
an unfounded trust to rely upon them.
Perhaps I'll just stand on my soap dish until it cracks
It's closer to the ground.

Jess t Meed

I would escape during
the night
if I believed that my flight
would offer Me any more
hiding places than I already have
But alas, the dark offers
just as few shadows as the day
with the only added incentive being
the connotation
misunderstandings offer strong walls
on which to place perches
So then I could See

In a sense
If reconnaissance planes could be trusted to provide
the truth
But those photos are only objective

Imagine
As I once tried to do
The hopelessness of one battered child
Too young to cave in, too young to understand why he should have to
And even as they told him to have hope
The light went out of their own eyes as they shut their casebooks with a bang
I tried to imagine Hope wandering the dark corridors of his mind
Ducking from the secrets he keeps so steadfastly hidden
Cartwheeling around in the silence
Searching for his lighter sides
Calling to them with its motley bugle
And they emerge from the shadows, blinking and rubbing their eyes
Then scurrying back to their accustomed huddles
Hell, this isn't worth it
We're staying back here where it's safe
But sometimes I can see them peeking out from the periphery of his vision
When he thinks I'm not looking
I see the mental muscatel in his head
Slowly brewed through the darkening years
Silently eating away at his thoughts
But the thoughts themselves will only emerge cloaked carefully in cynicism
The black costumes of an emotional masquerade ball.
I kiss him and his lips taste of ashes
I can taste his despair
Few like him, fifteen and broken-hearted, can afford
the luxury of Hope.

Liz Scheier

Photo by Nathan Goldstein



OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES



ANNA MUDD

Humans had always thought that they were more intelligent than dolphins because they had invented such things as New York City and nuclear war, and the dolphins mucked about in the water all day having a good time. The dolphins thought that they were more intelligent than the humans for exactly the same reasons.

-Douglas Adams (paraphrased)

Fencing

Many things happened in the Fencing Shop. People fought in a tournament, they battled against their best friends, and some attacked the fencing teacher (they were easily defeated).

The Fencing Shop is run by John McKeever, who has devoted nine years of his life to the sport of fencing. John trained under some of the best Russian teachers of their time. Now he shows his expertise at Buck's Rock. Turnout was excellent in spite of the many rainstorms we had to endure.

During the first session John arranged a Pool (also known as a Round Robin). Each fencer fought every other fencer in the tournament. It lasted for about two weeks. The tournament was split into two categories, experienced and inexperienced. Each category had a gold, silver, and bronze medal. In the experienced group Aaron Bradley won the gold medal, Aaron Gershman won the silver and Emily Mendelsohn walked away with the bronze. In the inexperienced category, Ned Flagg won the gold, Jesse Karlsberg won the silver, and Guillaume Descottes won the bronze.

All in all, we learned a great deal about the sport of fencing. The tournament helped us hone our skills. Everyone went home a better fencer.

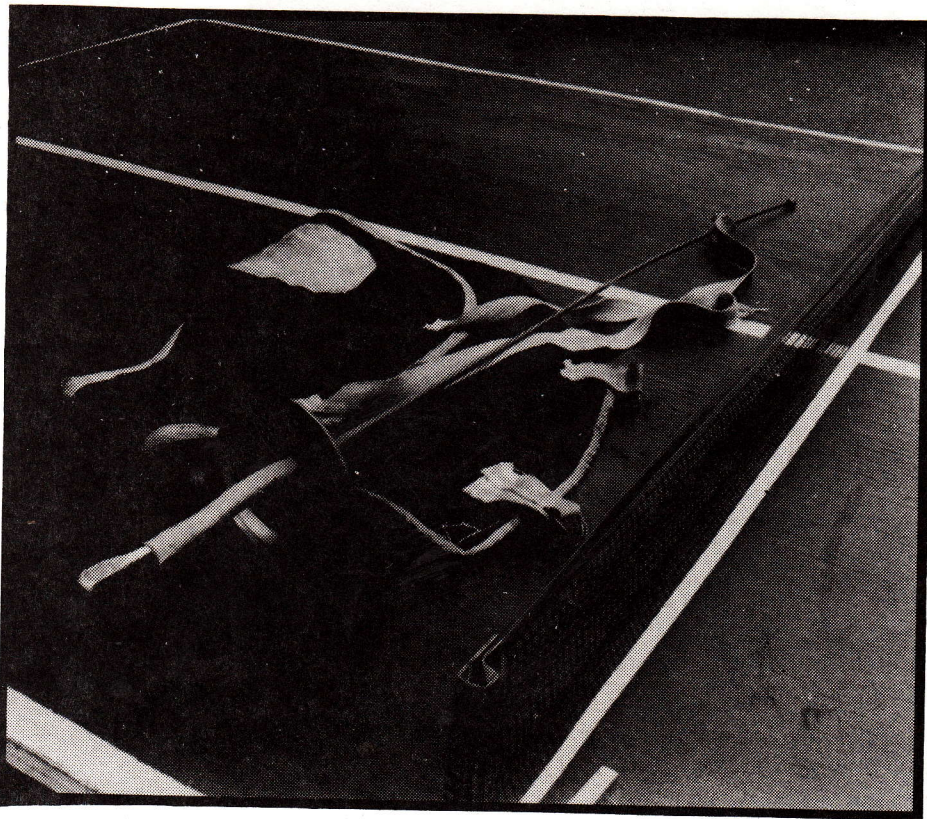


Photo by Ellen Latzen

Fencing

Tae Kwon Do

Outside Boys' House, around the ping-pong tables, several blue mats are laid. This is the arena the young warriors approach to begin their training, the place where people dance about, learning the Korean martial art of Tae Kwon Do. What is Tae Kwon Do? Well, Tae means kick, Kwon means punch, and Do means "art of." Basically, it is more of an art than it is a fighting style. Beginners learn the basics. Seasoned fighters can practice old moves and learn advanced ones. Sparring is a perfect way for people to test their new skills against others and work off energy. Everything is skillfully overseen by Louiza Wadsworth, a native of Bristol, England. Louiza has been practicing Tae Kwon Do for seven years and has been a black belt for three years. In short, she has experience. She also gives the whole experience of learning Tae Kwon Do a personal and friendly quality. Her kindness makes it all a little easier. Louiza holds a tournament around the end of each session. If you are confident with your skill you can challenge other campers in the tournament. Agility, power and skill are rewarded with medals and self-confidence. However, the most rewarding thing you can get out of Tae Kwon Do is the knowledge of yourself.

by Cody Dematteis and Ed Mellizaz

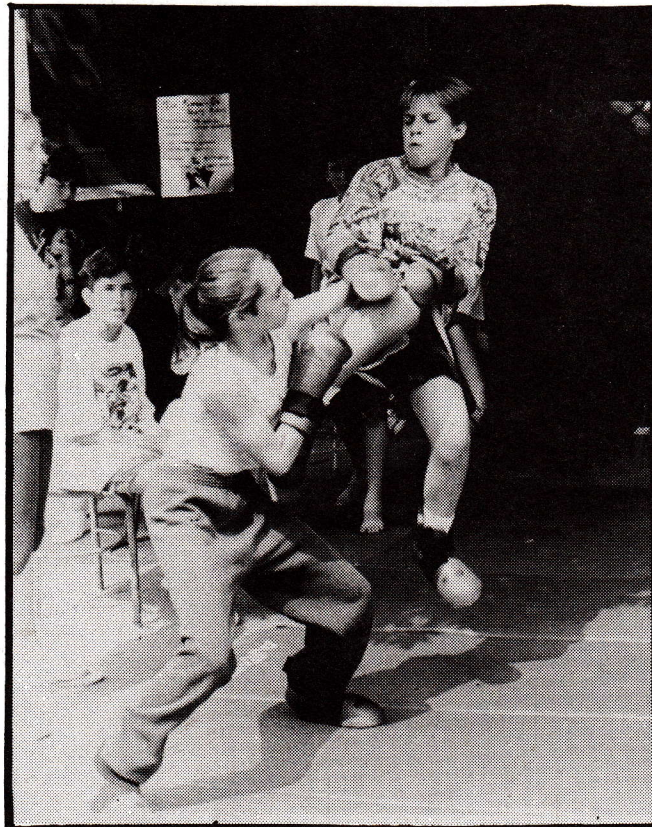


Photo by Nick Lyons

Tae Kwon Do



Sports at Buck's Rock

The ball soars above her head like a bird with wings. She runs back to catch it—her eyes fixed, her mind locked. As if in slow motion, the ball drops into her leather glove. Her face's once doubtful look vanishes and is replaced with a glowing smile of accomplishment. Maybe her team will win, maybe it won't. But whatever the outcome, she'll know she played her best. She even did what at first seemed impossible.

This is what sports at Buck's Rock are all about—trying as hard as you can to accomplish the impossible; trying hard at what you know you can do, and then stretching yourself further; fighting with all your might to take another step forward, to conquer the demon that lies on everyone's road, with a grimace on his face, and a doubtful grin, sneering at you. "You can't do that," he yells, with a high-pitched chuckle.

The next game, the girl runs to field the ball, set on her task. Gently she picks up the ball and rockets it to first base. "You're out!" cries the umpire. The demon falls, conquered, squealing in agony. The girl smiles. "I did it!" she thinks, until the demon picks itself up and uncertainty is blown into it again. But when that happens, the girl will remember what she did, and gain confidence. She accomplished the impossible.

by Sarah Zoogman

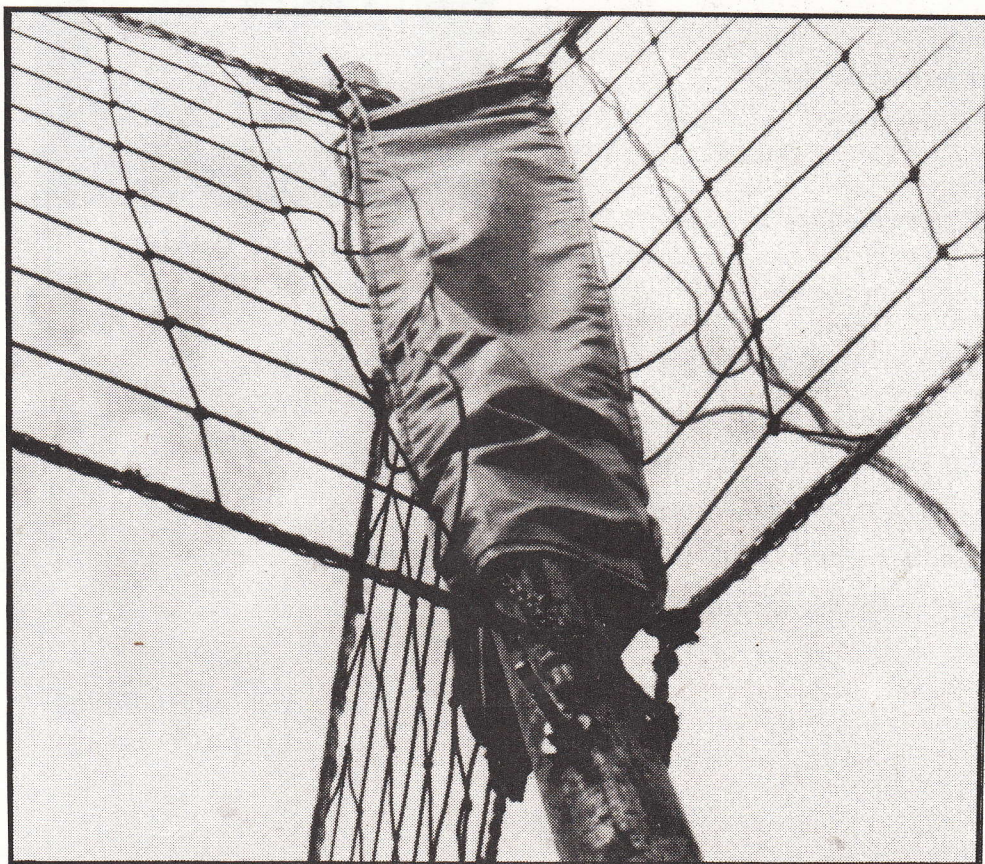


photo by David Golden

ARCHERY - "Fire at Will!"

If you have any of the following characteristics, you should give archery a shot:

- 1.) if you like to shoot things
- 2.) if you hate people named Will
- 3.) if you like bald people
- 4.) if your knees don't work
- 5.) if you have scoliosis (*archery*)
- 6.) if you liked the movie "Robin Hood"
- 7.) if you would like to shoot the hairs off of Marc's head, one by one
- 8.) if you like gnats and wet grass
- 9.) if you like archery

We're always in search of a live, moving target, which you could become with one or more of the following qualities:

- 1.) if your name is Will
- 2.) if you have a death wish
- 3.) if you are a masochist
- 4.) if you want your ears pierced for free
- 5.) if you have a tattoo of a target on your chest
- 6.) if you trust us
- 7.) if you have a good life insurance plan



photo by David Golden

So, we ask of you, please, if you would like to be cool like the archery people,

"Be our guest, be our guest, shoot an arrow through your chest,
Get your bow and arrow ready, take your aim, and do your best,
Our pile of dead people named "Will" would make you impressed,
Be our guest, be our guest, be our guest!"

by: Justin Finkle

Archer

The Pool

The Pool. In description any fool could simply say that it is wet. Yet as a regular visitor of the pool facility, I know what it truly is and represents. The pool is a form of entertainment, refreshment, and relaxation. Whether you're there to sun-bathe, swim laps, hang with friends, or take out your anger on either of the two beach balls, it's no doubt the place to be!

For those who are new at camp or just "out of it," the pool is open all day short of an hour at each meal. It is open to everyone of every age, swimming level, and most importantly every social level.

Simon, Ivan, and Angela, our well-trained caring lifeguards, are dedicated to our safety. They are at the pool during all open periods and are only concentrated on the swimmers' well-being, not on their own tans or personal enjoyment.

In short, I guarantee a good time!

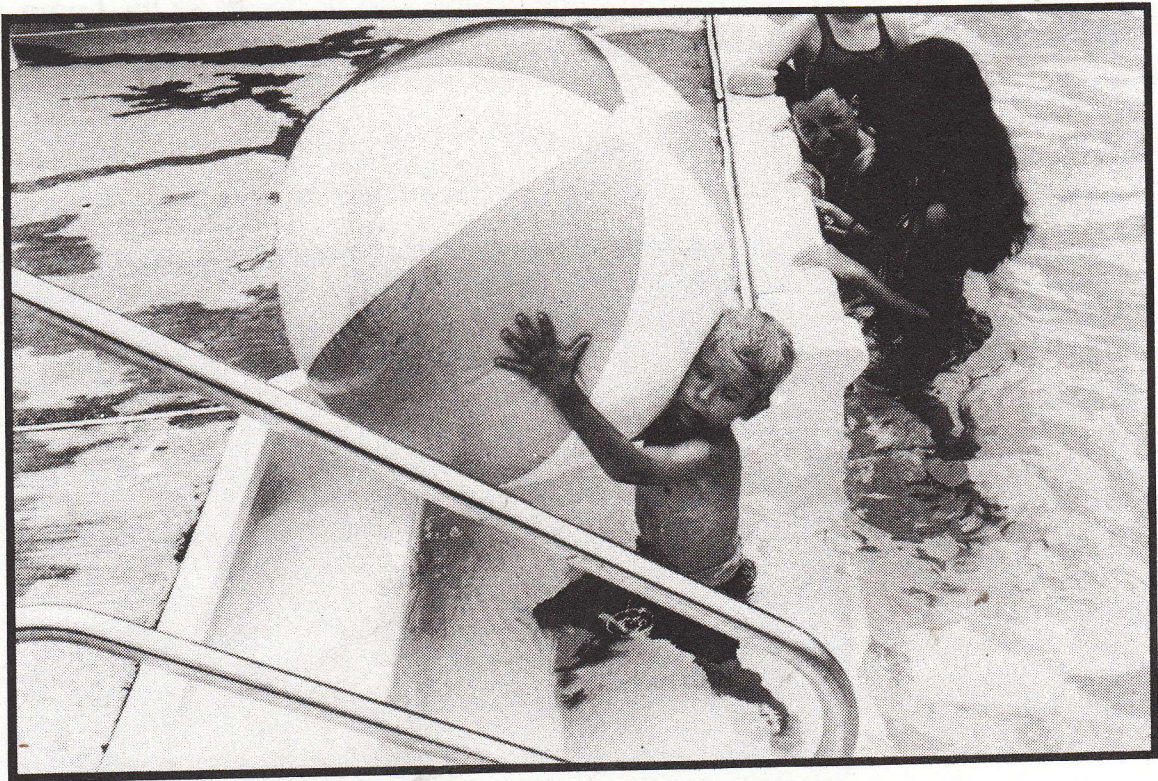


photo by David Golden

Life in the Stables

Have you ever heard of the term “Home Sweet Home?” Well, in some places that might be true, but where I live, in the Buck’s Rock Stables, it is not. There is definitely nothing sweet about my house. First of all, how would you like it if your house was covered knee-deep in muck? Well, we horses don’t like it at all.

Now some of us may have names of sweet, pretty smelling flowers, but our floor isn’t grass and our house doesn’t smell sweet. Also, it’s not like we can go run around in a field all day and distribute the mess evenly. Sure, we can be put out at night and go out during a lesson, but one evening isn’t good enough. It’s also not fair that Dandy and I have to be separated from the girls. Sure, I charmed them all the first night, but hey, I couldn’t help it. Okay, back to the subject. Horseback riding can be fun (for the riders), and it gives my trainers an excuse to have me exercise. It also gives me a chance to pretend that there’s a boogy man in the forest so I can annoy my rider. If my stall isn’t clean by the time I get back from the lesson, I won’t be good the next time they ride me. Of course, if that does happen, a little sucking up to me won’t hurt—maybe a cookie here and there, an extra grooming, or something like that.

I would just like to say that you can come up and visit us horses—Lily, Lupin, Clover, Dandy, Dixie, and Tumbleweed—anytime, and especially me, Freckles; but if you want to ride, the payment might come with a shovel.

by Freckles with help from Charron Brock



Photo by Xavier Newton

Stables

Pioneering

Stan "The Man" Schliefer, a well known teacher/explorer, was taking his group of students from Buck's Rock University on a tour of Tory cave. His students trusted him because he had brought them safely through previous hikes and expeditions through the dangerous forests of Connecticut. So when Stan started the tour, they willingly followed him through the many tunnels and turns. He taught the students how caves are formed and how they function.

When they came out of the cave, they had an appreciation of Mother Nature and her works. This made Stan happy because his goal was to teach his students about the environment around them. Then Stan asked, "Do you want to stuff your faces and hear the most horrible jokes? Then come with me on all my camping trips." The students agreed right away and a good time was had by all.

By Ben Powell and Jon Brooks



photo by David Golden

pioneering

Tennis

Do you want to play one of the most exciting sports in the world? Do you want to hang out with an Andre Agassi clone all day, or have a knock with Becky? Do you want to get the worst sunburn of your entire life? All at the same place?

Then head on over to the tennis courts, where Becky and Doug are always willing to teach you to hit freaky topspin, sidespin, kick serves, or just "have a knock" (as Doug would say). The first time you hit with Doug, you might think he wasn't so hot, and his only talent was hitting the crack in the court that makes the ball fly in strange directions. But ask him to go his hardest and you won't come close to scoring a point. The same probably goes for Becky, but none have yet asked her to play her best. The bottom line is that these are two very talented coaches. There was a singles tournament for all campers. The champion was David Azoulay. These competitions were extremely fun, and very good exercise.

So whether it's to have a knock, see the closest thing to Andre Agassi, play for two hours straight without winning a single point, or observe the two experienced pros hitting a small crack in the court with ease as the ball hops into your face, just grab your racket and suntan lotion and see what's happening at the tennis courts.

by Daniel Cohen

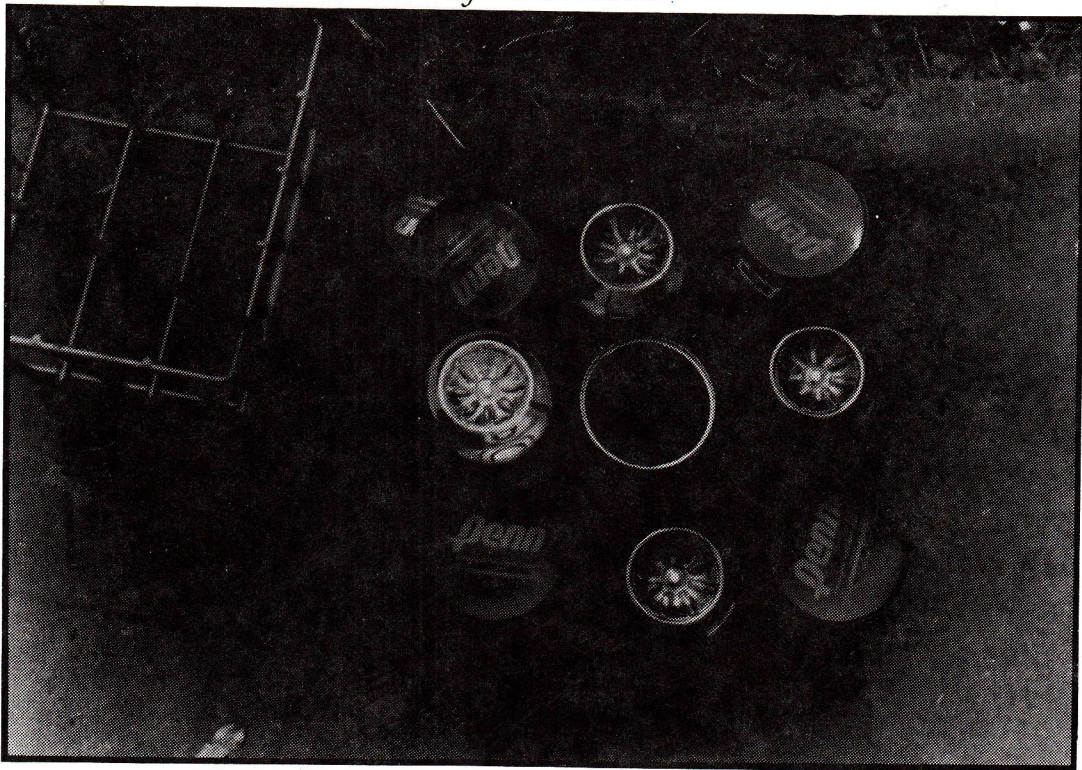


Photo by David Golden

Tennis

Todd's Boat

Once upon a time, there lived a really cool dude named Todd. One day, while Todd was flipping channels on his totally new high-definition television set, the weather station—channel 22—caught his eye. Al Roker, the weather guy, was preaching about a tremendous storm headed towards the tri-state area. There was a strong possibility of widespread flooding and beach erosion.

So Todd, knowing that he was in great danger, said to himself at once, "Oh no! Whatever shall I do?!!" After pondering the problem for a few moments, Todd devised a plan. "I must build a great boat," he said, "a boat which can hold two of every animal and all of my best friends."

Todd called all of his good buddies—Andrea, Jill, Rachel, Sarah, and C.C.—right away. They all came over quickly when they heard what was happening.

Together, the group of six gathered all of the gauze and cotton they could find. Using medical tape for caulk, they built a humongous boat.

As he had planned, Todd took two of every animal and brought them aboard the newly assembled vessel. Then he and his friends hopped aboard just as the flood swept through.

Captain Todd guided the boat through the horrible storm for 40 days. When the sun came out and the waters receded, Todd bravely emerged from the great boat and looked around. He surveyed the land, and upon returning to the ship that night, he told all of his eager friends all that he had found.

They talked and talked all night about what they were to do with all of the animals. After this great discussion, the group of six concluded that they would construct an animal farm in which all of the wonderful animals would live.

So Todd, Andrea, Jill, Rachel, Sarah, and C.C. worked for many days building chicken wire fences and big red barns. When they were finished they all stood back and admired what was later to become the Buck's Rock animal farm. And from then to this very day, they all lived happily ever after.

by Lauren Gottlieb and all of the animals at the farm



photo by Rebecca Brochman

Animal Farm

It was a dark and stormy night. Daniel Cohen was returning to his bunk two hours after the put-to-bed gong because of the production of the play Freedom of the City. As he passed the dining hall he was shocked that no one was within, and all was quiet... except for a dull humming coming from the gong.

Well, "curiosity killed the camper," as they say. Daniel cautiously walked towards the gong that was still humming as if it had just been rung. How could this be? Daniel continued to approach the gong, when he suddenly tripped on a banana peel. His feet whirled behind him as he flew forward, head-first, through the gong. Landing on his head, he was immediately out like a light.

When he awoke, he was in an all too familiar place. On all sides of him were liquid sound waves, and off in the distance he could hear the sound of cows. Scrambling to his feet, he ran to the door and looked outside. Hanging from the clouds were sky hooks, each one holding a cow. Along a flowing river of Sprite was a sign that read:

The Fleen Shop

Of course!! Daniel knew the Fleen shop had moved, and someone had forgotten to put its new location in the Orientation booklet. Now he had finally found it.

Mysteriously, the pain in Daniel's head had gone away. In fact, he had never felt pain in the first place. Not paying this any mind, Daniel turned and went back inside. There he saw two men, one of whom he knew well, the other a stranger. The man he recognized was Armando Jujubee, the head of the Fleen shop.

"Armando!" shouted Daniel. The two shook hands. Then, turning to the stranger, Daniel asked, "Who are you?"

Armando smiled and said, "This is Joe Snarf, our J.C."

Daniel said hello to the J.C., then asked the two, "So, what new projects can be started here?"

"Well," said Joe, "one can make a sky hook and a left-handed monkey wrench, but from what I've heard, the Fleen shop has had those for quite some time. Our newest features are Tylenol capsules, and hairplugs for baldness."

"Why are there only two counselors?" asked Daniel.

"Stu Davis (the old head of shop) has retired to his home in Juneau, Alaska," said Armando, "and Armstrong is on his year off. But you could be the Fleen C.I.T."

"Really? Gee, thanks. This is great."

And so Daniel Cohen was dubbed the Fleen C.I.T, and spent the summer of '94 in the mystical land of cows hanging from the sky and flowing rivers of Sprite.

Daniel Cohen, Fleen C.I.T.

Softball

You step to bat. The pitcher tosses the ball. You swing. DAMN! A strike. You hear the crowd cheering you on. "It's okay." "Watch the ball." The second ball is launched. SLAM! The ball soars through the air above the fielders' heads. You run to first, pass second, turn the corner of third, almost home...Suddenly you realize they caught the ball. Too-o bad. "As long as you're having fun," as Barry Tropp and many more say.

And don't worry about never playing. Our weaving friend, Aine, is playing for her first time. When it was her turn to bat, she swung, ran to first base still holding the bat, and attacked the first baseman. Watch out first base, she's coming to get ya! Hopefully they'll teach her to drop the bat next time.

A puzzling question which you might want to know is, what do those team names really mean? SKEENA, MILK, DRAVA, KARUN, BUG, VALU...Well, beats me! Hope you had a fun summer with our Watermelon League. I know I did!

by Claudia Pezzia

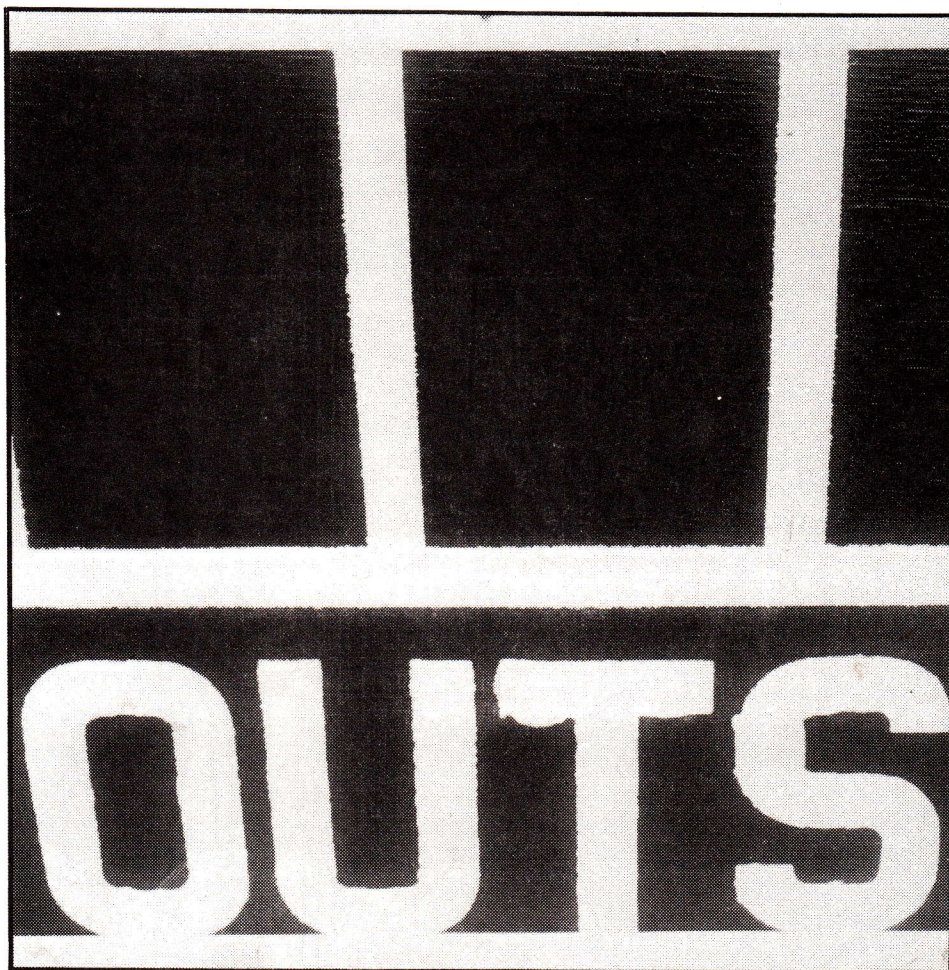


photo by Monique Leibowitz

Softball



Veggie Farm

This year many kids helped to grow vegetables at the farm. Most of the crops were successful. Most campers do not realize how difficult it is to work on the farm: watering, weeding, bugs, and the intense heat.

This year we grew:

potatoes

tomatoes

zucchini

squash

radishes

beans

cabbages

eggplant

and peppers.

I like the veggie farm because you get to see how the food you take for granted is produced. The counselor, Jason Holden, is kind and helpful. He has a very hard job because he is the only counselor. If you did not go there this year, give it a chance next year.

by Dave McGuire

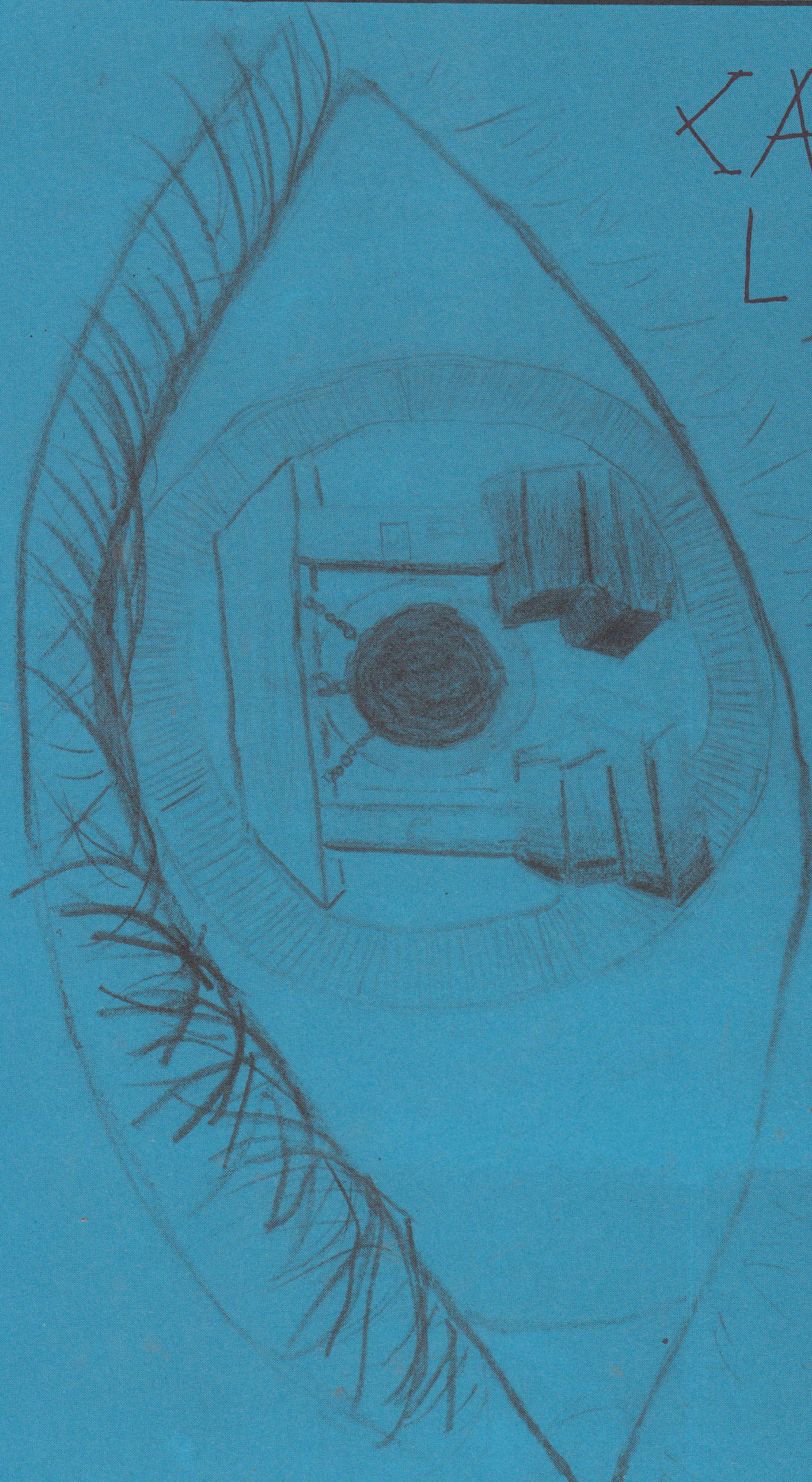
I am a tomato
You water me
You weed me
I change from a flower
To a small green tomato
Then when I turn red
You eat me
Life is a bitch!



Veggie Farm

CAMP LIFE

Sarah Mordel



Consistency is the defense of a simple mind.
--David Eddings

The Kitchen



In this space, we thought we would give the outside world an opportunity to experience a brief slice of the kitchen life this summer at Buck's Rock.

"It's been a Hard Day's Night..."

"Turn it up, this one's my favorite," shouts Ian as he turns on the fryer.

At this point the potwashers enter.

"Glen, you can wash. Ben, you can dry. Me, I'm off for a coffee!" announces Peter as he makes a sharp exit.

Over at the salad prep, Shelly Kay and Sara are gossiping away.

"Where is Shelly Wilson?" puzzles Sara.

"I haven't seen her since last night when we left her at Rocky's." says Shelly Kay.

"How did she get home?"

"Don't worry Sara, Shelly can charm a lift from anyone with those eyes of hers!"

Upon saying this, Shelly Wilson enters. "Get your PG Tips out, Andrea."

"Anyone else for a cuppa?" inquires Andrea.

Peter, entering with his coffee and TEN blueberry muffins, is knocked aside as Al enters screaming.

"The Health Inspector is coming!!!!!!" "WHEN?!!!" screech David and Helene.

Silence befalls the kitchen as we await an answer. "Someday!" he responds.

Everyone breathes a sigh of relief. "I wish he wouldn't do that!" comments Beth.

Karl calls over to Al, "Hang loose and chill, baby!"

As Andrew removes the raised meat cleaver from Al's hand and Karl leaves, Glen climbs upon the kitchen table. "I can see stars, lights, cameras..." He is interrupted.

"Get back over here," calls Ben, "there's plenty of pots and pans for you to see here!!!"

Meanwhile, Andrew rushes through the kitchen, hotly pursued by Danni, who is covered in spaghetti.

"I'll get you back!!!" she cries.

"Where's Andrew?" Al shouts from the storeroom.

"Andrew! Andrew! We need you, NOW!" holler David and Helene simultaneously.

"I'm here..... but where's David?"

David finally makes an entrance. Then it occurs. Al shouts out those words we love to hear.

"BREAK IT DOWN!!!!"

AL RUBIN

DAVID SCHNEIDER

IAN GITTENS

ANDREW CAMPBELL

SHELLY KAY

SARA RIPLEY

ANDREA MORGAN

GLEN BRIDER

BEN DUNBAR

AL BRAUN

HELENE SCHNEIDER

BETH AGIN

DAVID SCLAROW

SHELLY WILSON

DANNI DURAI

KARL VAN STRATTEN

PETER BEEBY

FIONA BYRNE (we miss you Fee)

BEVERLEY YOUNG

NIKKI RYDER

STEVE CHAPMAN

JIMMY LAUSIN

MARIA LA ROCCA

DISPENSARY

dispensary
Milk Flavor - Ice Cream

For TLC the Buck's Rock dispensary is the place to go. Linda, Lyndal, Melanie, Betty, and Cynthia can cure anything, be it a rash, a burn, a cut, a cold, a bunny bite or just a bad day. Although the dispensary is known for its long lines, once you get inside it is well worth the wait. These women must be the busiest people in camp, handing out medications and band-aids from wake-up to put-to-bed. The Buck's rock nurses also possess a special ability to differentiate between the truly sick and those who are just gold-digging ice-pop seekers.

Although we sometimes do not appreciate the medical staff here at Buck's Rock, they enable us to be healthy enough to enjoy the Buck's Rock atmosphere to the fullest.

by Emily Price



Photo by David Golden

Boys' Annex Awards



The following people have been nominated to receive the 1994 awards for Buck's Rock Boys' Annex in New Milford, CT. The award for the most violent, noisy use of a guitar goes to...Jason Klauber. The runners-up are Justin Hayes, Ted Alexander, Laughlin Elkind, Matt Warden, and Chris Castelle.

The awards for the people who stay up the latest in order to study those lines which they can't be bothered to learn any other time of the day go to...Dan Blake, Dan Cohen, Josh Asen, and David Levy.

The awards for being the most likely to be found at the bunk go to...Scott Littlefield, David Abramson, Mathew Stang, Jeremy Iverson, Adam Sher, and Andrew Most.

The awards for being the furthest away from home go to...

Guillaume Descottes, Pierre Michalski, and Shu Amano.

The awards for being the loudest people at night go to...

Jason Weitzen, Philip Sacks, Aaron Gershman, Micah Lasher, Jordan Friedman, and Allen Loeb.

The awards for the people who are most likely to be found with the animals go to...Alex Brigges, Cameron Stern, Oleg Degenshein, Jacob Lilien, Alex Rich, Mike Radosh, Dave McGuire, and Spencer Stone.

The awards for the most difficult people to wake up in the morning go to...Ian Mathews, Josh Walker, Carver Tate, Ian Bowen, Jon Berger, and Bram Tihany.

The bravery awards for being forced to listen to Stan Schliefer's jokes on camping trips go to...Ari Lazier, David Azoulay, Ted Ackerman, Ben Kramer, Alex Robins, and Joey Diamond.

The awards for those people who put up with other award winners go to...Jeremey Markman, Darrell Silver, Russell Hassan, and Doug Sonders.

Now it is time to give awards to the people who have to put up with us all the time.

The award for being the assist who is best at ceramics goes to Gary Georger.

The award for being the best guitar playing assist goes to Jason McCormack.

The award for being the best dancing assist goes to David Grotell.

The award for being the assist to act most like a baby goes to Andy Lees.

The award for being the assist with the best Irish accent goes to Jason Holden.

The award for being the best swimming assist goes to Ivan Rogic.

The award for the house counselor with the loudest screaming wake up call goes to Peter Eveleigh.

The award for the house counselor who is the best at keeping people away from Boys' Annex during shop hours goes to Dylan Jones.

This award presentation for Boys' Annex 1994 was proudly written by Josh Leitner.



Evening Activity

After your long day of work and waiting on those terribly long dinner and canteen lines, it is time to get really relaxed again with an evening activity, coordinated by that hardworking Maurice Mizrahi.

This year's big evening activities were movies, dancing through the decades, and shows. Everybody had their favorite. Star Wars was probably the most enthusiastic crowd we got for a movie. Other favorite movies included Reality Bites, Mrs. Doubtfire, and The Fugitive. Dancing through the decades was also an evening activity which both campers and counselors enjoyed. It was hosted by the wonderful and enthusiastic Rob (from music) and Chris Konczak (from LSD). There were many different types of live shows, from musicals such as Working to dramas like Love Of The Nightingale to short plays like Pullman Car Hiawatha and Dopey Fairytale. Well, that's about all for evening activities in 1994. Overall they went pretty well, but get ready for even more excitement in summer 1995! See you then.

by Josh Leitner



Photo by Leo Ferguson

"Heads!"



At 6:45 on the second Tuesday of camp we first officially met: the Buck's Rock Ultimate Frisbee League. We taught each other to throw, catch, dive and run. The Almighty and Almost-Godlike Octavio gave the group of kids some form of order and yelled out tips to everyone. Among the first things we learned were as follows:

If someone is about to be hit in the back of the head with a frisbee, yell, "Duck!" DO NOT yell, "Look out!" because that person will almost always turn around.

For those of you who don't know, Ultimate Frisbee is vaguely like American Football with a Frisbee. You are not permitted to move when you have the disc, except to pivot like in basketball. You also cannot be within three feet of someone with the Frisbee and you cannot block defending players from moving. To score a point, you must successfully catch a throw in the end-zone. If the Frisbee hits the ground, it gets turned over to the other team, then and there.

We played with teams of six, seven, or eight players, the remainder of the participants switching in whenever a player got tired.

There is no moral to this article, but if there was one it would be: "Never try to stare down a flying Frisbee."

by Sam Kusnetz





New Milford 8

Running the New Milford 8 was one of my greatest accomplishments this summer. I didn't expect to be able to run the whole thing without stopping, and I was very surprised when I did. The first two miles were very tiring. I was close to last place until I reached the first hill. The hill was a hard obstacle for everyone except me. I took advantage of the hill by taking the advice Mike Ajerman gave me and charging it. While everyone else slowed down, I sped up. Soon I was going at a great pace. When I reached the third mile I knew I was doing well because I had passed a lot of people. After that it seemed easier, and the miles started flying by. When I reached the fifth mile I was excited because I knew I would be passing Buck's Rock Road and seeing my friends. That was the best part of the race. The race wasn't that bad aside from when I tripped on the last mile and gashed my knee; but that did not stop me. I didn't stop until the end. I couldn't have done it without the guy who trained me and gave me advice, Mike Ajerman. I owe it all to him.

John Levy





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John Levy



My Harrowing Missing Adventure

Dedicated to Ali, Mollie and Nora



The night started out plainly enough. I saw the movie "Return of the Jedi" in the Dining Hall, then afterwards returned to my bunk, unaware that I was about to be involved in an odd string of circumstances. When I got back to my bunk I started feeling really homesick so I pleaded with my counselor to let me use the telephone. She reluctantly agreed and let me bring a friend with me because it was so dark out. Calling seemed to make me feel even worse, and soon my unhappiness spread to my friend. We decided just to visit our mutual friends, who resided in the bunk next to ours, to see if they could make our spirits rise. This was our first and main mistake. This was where all the trouble really began. While pouring our hearts out, each on a separate friend's bed, sleep suddenly took grasp of our eyelids and pulled them down. Soon, counselors were called in to form search parties and a frantic search began to find our whereabouts. The bunks had been checked before the search, but since all of us were crumpled under the covers, we weren't noticed. Then our names were called out on the speakers. I became semi-conscious when I heard my name being called, but I thought I was only dreaming.

Later that evening my friend whispered my name quietly and woke me up. "We fell asleep in the wrong room." I immediately jumped out of the bed and went out the door with her. When we went outside our house counselor ran up to us and exclaimed, "So that's where you two have been! While you've been sleeping, half the camp has been up searching for you. The police and your parents have also been called. Come to the van and we'll take you down to the office." My friend and I then started to laugh - maybe it was out of nervousness, or the surreal situation we were in. Whatever the reason was, we laughed all the way down to a certain camp director's office where our giggles eventually turned to sobs. After we talked to our parents and sorted out the whole twisted chain of events, we returned to our bunk where she and I sorted out the evening in our minds.

The next day, all through camp, I heard people whispering about the real reasons "those girls" were missing the previous evening: "I heard they had boyfriends in New Milford and went to meet them," someone said. "Well, I heard they went off to smoke." As you can probably tell, I walked around with my head down for most of that day.

Looking back, it's hard for me to sort out what was a dream and what was reality. I know that I have to thank all those who got up out of bed on that chilly evening to search for me. And in the future, if I have a problem, I'll deal with it in the morning!

(an honest to goodness true story) *By Gena Oppenheim*

Time passes
almost as if it is alive,
breathing, pulsating.
Laughter echoes in between the minutes.
New friends soon become old ones

Blankets are woven

tick

lines are spoken

tock

Then all too suddenly, time resumes
its normal dreary pace.
Holding its breath until another
sweet summer.

Gena Oppenheim

Pictures at an Exhibition

Thoughts While Wandering Through the Exhibition of Staffworks

What is Art?

Andre Malraux, the French novelist and minister, wrote that "the greatest mystery is not that we should have been thrown up by chance between the profusion of matter and the profusion of stars, but that, in that prison, we should be able to get out of ourselves works and images sufficiently powerful to deny our insignificance." Is this what art is?

Or is it: "To and fro we leap
and chase the frosty bubbles
whilst the world is full of troubles
and is anxious in its sleep."

I enter the exhibition. The artists whose works I am privileged to see also happen to be your teachers, guides, inspirations, a bit inadequately called counselors.

There is a wall hanging depicting some human inventions. Tools of various sorts. Wrenches and scissors, cards looking like those used in bingo games, mathematical equations, the alphabet, not lacking a certain beauty. But there are the faces of people, quite ugly, the inventors who seem to suffer from their own self-inflicted distortions. An enigma. Do our creations dominate us or are we the masters of our creations?

I proceed further down the aisle. "Topographic Perceptions." "Solids and Voids." Art as topography, charting detailed maps, art as surveyor?

I come to a big canvas. The elements in an uproar, a world of chaos threatening annihilation, interspersed with tiny particles of hope. Art is a threat. Before I move on, I think: Eternity Forever, Forever Eternity in an overwhelming universe.


I turn away. There are objects made of wood. Wood is transformed by the artist, the craftsman, the artisan into things of beauty. Art can be transformation. Art is transformation?

I see two paintings: "Confrontations." Confrontations in anger, in reproach. Art is Confrontation. But there is "Mona's Communion." Art is Harmony and Peace. Can art live up to the emotions art provokes? There is a "Shrine." Art is Reverence. But art can be irreverent, sacrilegious. A writer may be condemned to death if he writes "Satanic Verses." In the past he always was, if he did. Writers beware...

Staffwords! You are dealing with the most powerful of all human inventions. You are using Words. In words we express ourselves, in words we impress ourselves and others. Words have created empires, and toppled them. Words shook the world in ten days. We use words to defend ourselves, we use words to attack. Words call for war, words plead for peace. We use words to convince, to persuade. We use words to perjure ourselves, we use words to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help us God. We can be absurd in the use of words. We are what we can put into words, we may find not the right words to say what we mean. But there are no empty words. Words always have meaning. We can be at a loss for words. Speech is our foremost way to communicate with others. Words are communication. There are monologues, there are dialogues, there is oratory, there is rhetoric. We use words, words, words. The use of words is the final achievement, the final presumption. No other animal has the power of speech, possesses the ability to use words. Staffwords!

I come across pictures labeled "Untitled." A title marks beginnings and endings. Art is Beginnings and Endings. I see two small pictures, tucked into a corner, that show a marriage. Secret and absurd. Art can illustrate absurdity. Art can become absurd. A man in the "Dog House." A manner of speech. Art can be sad, can be rejection. "The Artist in his Studio Producing

Ernst Bulova



I see masks. Masks hide and reveal. Art is concealment. Art is revelation. Art is revealing the Hidden. Art hides what is revealed.

There is a still life: "Grapes and Roses." Art is Optimism, art is Reassurance.

There is a skeleton, a rib cage, that once contained life, a beating heart. Hamlet contemplating the skull of a former courtier? "Alas, poor Yorick. I knew him, a fellow of infinite jest. Here hung those lips that I have kissed. Where are your gibes now? Your songs?" Art is Mortality, Art is Impermanence. Rust. Rust is colorful, rust is destructive. Art can be both. Art is Color and Destruction. A windowsill. Art can look out. Art can look in. Art is both Window and Sill. There is another shrine. What is a shrine? A shrine is an object of reverence. Art is Reverence. Art is Sanctuary. But a sanctuary can be invaded: T.S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral." Art is Murder.

Four pictures: "Audiences." The audience is rapt. The audience participates. The audience is indifferent. The audience performs. Does the artist need an audience? Art is silent on that. Ask the artist. He or she may have an answer. They may know. Or do they?

Clay. Dirt! Go and wash your hands! Take a shower! But mother! Don't you see? Clay that was dirt in my hands becomes a thing of beauty or of usefulness. Clay was turned into vessels by women. A female invention that made civilization possible. Civilization is made possible by women's ingenuity. Life as we know it is not possible without women. That is what the art of pottery has taught me.

"Self Portraits." Is this how you see yourself? Is this how others see you? Is this how you want others to see you? Is this how you want to appear to yourself, to others? Art is an act of self-realization. Art is self-awareness.

"The Art of Music." Music is vibrations. Vibrations become music. There is no music on the moon. There is no music in a vacuum. Would you want to live on the moon? Would you want to live without music? Music is Art, Art is Music. Would you want to live without Art? Can you live without Art? You could. But you may not want to. And in this instance, as in many others, you need not be what you don't want to be, as you can be what you want to be. Think of that, as you listen to music.

Glass, which reflects and illuminates appearances. Book illustrations, which reflect and illuminate contents. Invitations to visit a gallery. Does the artist need recognition? Does the artist need the sound of the echo he or she evokes? Art is Presentation.

The Art of Photography. "Tony and Raphael" are miners, probably coal miners. Dirty, grimy, desperate, angry but proud, very proud. Tony is white, Raphael is black. It makes no difference when you work in the bowels of the earth. Underground. It should not make any difference above ground. But it often does. Yes. No. Photography. What the eye can see with the help of a lens. What the lens can see that the eye cannot see. The picture of a circus. The sad and the comical meet and mingle. Art is Comedy and Tragedy. Art often cannot tell the difference. Nor can the artist. Maybe there is no difference. Maybe art can reconcile the irreconcilable, as art can make the invisible visible.

What is Art? Art is a Puzzle, Art is its Solution. Art is not necessary, but men and women cannot live without it. Art is like Man and Woman. Art is a Paradox.



HIROSHIMA

Forty-nine years ago, on the 6th of August, 1945, 60,000 people in the town of Hiroshima were incinerated, burned to cinders within a few seconds. 60,000. A mother nursing her baby, loving couples, people going about their business, students poring over their books, children playing, the sick, the young, the old. Within a few seconds they were no more. That was one war, one episode in a war. There have been wars since the beginning of mankind. There must be no more wars. We don't know who was killed in wars, what losses humankind has suffered. If Michaelangelo had been killed in a war, there would have been no Sistine Chapel, there would have been no "David." If Leonardo da Vinci had been killed in a war, there would have been no "Last Supper." If Shakespeare had had to go to war, there would have been no "Hamlet." If Beethoven had lost his life in the Napoleonic wars, there would not have been "The Last Quartets." If it had been Dante, we would have been without "The Divine Comedy;" if that fate had befallen Galileo, he would have been missed among those who defied superstition. There would have been no Albert Einstein who for the first time wrote on a blackboard the fateful equation $E=mc^2$. We don't know how many Mozarts or Beethovens, how many Einsteins, how many potential Michaelangelos, how many Leonardos, how many unrealized Shakespeares, how many Dostoevskys, how many Martha Grahams or Charlie Chaplins lost their lives in wars, depriving us forever of the fruits of their genius. They may speak to us, if they could, through the voice of Wilfred Owen, who was killed during the last seven days of World War I. He wrote:

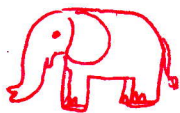
O friend unseen, unborn, unknown,
Student of our sweet English tongue
Read out my words at night alone,
I was a poet; I was young.
Since I can never see your face
And never shake you by the hand,
I send my soul through time and space
To greet you, you will understand.

Wilfred Owen was killed, driven into a senseless death on the banks of the river Somme, on Flanders' Fields where the poppies grow. For what? For a few square feet of worthless marshlands. Sigfried Sassoon, a British poet, wrote: "War and the Pity of War. The Poetry is in the Pity. All a poet can do is warn." And we, tonight, together, with many young people all over the globe, are listening to the warnings. Let us continue to listen. Down by every Riverside, there should be the call: "We shall study war no more." *Donna Nobis Pacem*. Give us peace. No peace will be given, no prayers will be heard or help. We shall have to work for peace, live for peace, until the "world is no longer anxious in its sleep" and men and women can face the world with a clear conscience.

I realize that whilst your future will bring you many delights and much pleasure, it also holds out demanding tasks. And one of the most demanding, but also one of the most important and rewarding tasks that your generation and those following you will face, will be the necessity of turning the idea of "Peace on Earth" from an ideal into reality. I am saddened by the thought that you belong to a generation burdened with such tasks. But I envy you the opportunity to shoulder them and I admire the courage that you will develop along the way. "Fare thee well; the elements be kind to thee, and thy spirits all of comfort."



C.I.T. last will & testament



Rachel Berks - phone calls on the camper phones, feminist punk-rock, a knife with which to hurt the Indigo Girls, Tori Amos, Gabe, tons of mellow music, coffee at midnight, a lake of cold water, many more protests, your own nuts, J.B. with cuffs, automatic laundry separators, cup of lemonade, Beware of Poohbear, Taco Bell, It's never too late for the munchies, cabosy socials, letters to Cleo, sleepovers at 2:30 a.m., fimo, coffee with Dave and Megan, thrift, authority woman, PJ Harvey uninterrupted, boyfriend obsessions, conflicting personalities and superficial differences, TMJ, incense, a long sincere talk w/ a director, MG's natural dance skills, a life without girly-girls, and a life free of car horns.

Wiley Bowen - the Dark Closet with Sprite, accompany me in jewelry, come to the bathroom with me?, you thought you could scare me with that bat! Scott, a funny resemblance to me, a blowfish, to be MG's mommy, a coyote, the special Bride issue of PEOPLE, a set change, a witch dance, Creedence song "Have You Ever Seen The Rain", Atlantis, the roadrunner, a guitar, and a musical comedy marathon.

Aaron Bradley - biodegradable Styrofoam peanuts, razor, hungry grasshopper, caterpillar, Lowell Dack, Larry Lalondes Shotgun, caterpillar moustache, flash paper, the hat trick, a blood bag that works for practical jokes involving rubber bands, a bigger sword, someone to talk to, 10 lb. weights, another fencing trophy, and fun w/ serving gloves.

Adam Brin - the letter "N," a whip noise, "Violets don't smell," little pieces of glass to sort, a clean room, cold white rice, mango tea, a protruder, love and hugs from the Amoeba, dolphins, fruit and permanent earplugs, clean air.

Tanya Brown - a day when nobody asks her if she's Siobhan, lullabies, a bed no-one else sleeps in, TAL/NYA, Monique Sharon Jessica Denise Liebowitz, MINESWEEPER (I win!), sweet 16, appendicitis, jazz chords clique, guitar with Dan, casino, Alicia, crunches, midnight cup of noodles, my fruit shirt, Connecticut memories/New Milford fair, a nickname, don't forget your . . . smile, red tape on black folders signifying importance, a solo, pigtails, pregnancy, DJD's boots, a day when I don't ask you about chorus, embarrassing baby pictures, MG as her manager, a part deserving of your voice, buck-bugaw, labor noises, enchantment, a camp without Hunter students, less politics in theatre, a drum lesson, and "W-I-Z-A-R-D Uh-Huh!",

Lowell Dack - hardwood floors, throaty songbird, French lessons, Snoop Doggy Dogg video, weak cologne, those sexy bowling shoes, Wu Tang Torture, laid back, true stories, werewolves, pooh bear, a bottom bunk, stew in Fla., lots more advice, snow (I mean rain), a frwon, softball, 3'2", baby w/ back, a shower in the sink, KL's noises, a pitchfork and a straw hat, Gumby, a new hat and "D-A-A-CK!"

Matt Dicke - his own peanut butter cups, his own food, a canteen account, a lesson on the color wheel, Hey Dicke!, Lo-hu-se-her, a drawing session w/ Ernst and some R+R.

Danielle Dreilinger - absolute love, the "sickest mind" award, a huge hug, an LSD boy, another journal, tighter raincoat, a feedback loop, a bathing suit that fits, a charcoal briquette, 101 creative uses for . . ., Jordan's shirt, 20-minute coffee, whips and chains, never to have your own verse in "The Bitter Song", neck nuzzles, catwoman, tickle and die, handwriting analysis, Marced Down, Matt, a tension release, a hug of death, Mr. E, a better NY selection, Danny-- Jeff Turner, a personal muse, someone who understands her poetry without diluting it, I am NOT asexual, peace and quiet, spicy black bean dip, the Dirty Dancing cha-cha, Me-Jane, and the perfect black leggings., ripe strawberries.

Becky Drysdale - a vacuum, a lifetime supply of Advil and Manic Panic, Keanu, energy, "Speed", dumb shirts, more juggling balls from exotic parts of the world, chords other than "E" "D" and "A", a Taco Bell mug, the woodshop, Kool-Aid hair dye, your father has no pants, one prop, "Flame it", a mother, a pair of fingers of your own, a demented ping pong ball, less productivity, braids in my hair, rolling diagrams, Joey Lawrence, Saju sausages, a calling card (that works), WWII by J. Jones, funky cold medina, spicy black bean dip, nose cartilage, an immobile heap of union suit, nuns, and yer so funny.

Jordan Eber - a different last name, Chris, etc., a loud stereo, a voice that doesn't crack, anarchy, clean freak, brotherless, a live-in maid, a place to sleep, permanent earplugs, Hey Ho Let's Go and timing.

Matt Fantaci - weapons to defend himself, Refrigerator Bandits forever, spitting fights, shnacks, some gunfire to wake up to, Brooklyn Basketball skillz, a blind kid's clock, a big kiss from MG, a triangle, a 4-leaf clover, purity, twins, Mr. "I have trouble making my own decisions," Brooklyn, a big spontaneous kiss, a hiding place, 'tis better to submit-- ow!, ...Matt's no part of it, "Crooklyn" soundtrack, I love you, you're the brother I never had but always wanted, baked ziti + chicken, Forrest Gump, a massage, twins, "Clown God", Rebbie's burgers, steaming vegetables, domestic cat, carmic radio, BFG and Wu Tang Clan.

Suzanne Feigelson - phone calls, a lightning bolt, the Bitter Song, a ghost, an opportunity to sing "The Shoop Shoop Song" on national tv, Grace in Gravity, Dan, nights at your country house, natural woman, Romi, casino, Mike Cuniberti, leotards in the bathroom, dried apricots, mommy, Did you do the Eisler homework?, REDRUM, devils, an existential talk, a simple family, that Phish show, CCIT, 86th st. homeboys, a cold compress that lives on the porch, more than two active ingredients, "Farmer Jack", Moonlighters, ILY, fun w/ tape, our spazfriend, aliens, soul sisters, the annoying photo voice, a dance with Barry, childhood + 65. and Destiny.

David Fishkin - inanimate objects, Gandhi, a spam heart cast in resin, the Nedra song (gangsta rap uncut version), the immortal Joey Buttafuoco, pink elephants, Ice-T, Shrimp shrimp shrimp etc., our handshake, a new hat, fish kiss, Rodents + Humans, Ali, Richard the Puppet, Woodland Fruit, 2 Twinkies and a donut, bratwurst, a silkscreen song, French women, morning friendliness, a Mad Tea Party, a God who thinks he's Bono, well you needn't (don't tempt me!), Parker played on a tenor sax, complete control of the Clown Shed, the universal jazz-inspiring hot chick, a quieter phone voice!, a chocolate chip cookie bet, my love, "I saw the light!", "Praise the Lord!", no more cracking, a day as Joey, another New Year's party, kitchen raiding every night and the Blood of the Heavenly Lamb.

Hal Friedman - Girls Cabins, the applause he deserved for "Un Mejor", a harem, a kneecap, Sondheim's, unrequited love for your musicals, elevator, another message, velveeta, a nice guy role, tackling and a neck nuzzle, a non-typecast role, the slogan "Build Bridges Not Walls", a hoochie, a Spanish accent, the foxtrot, a truck, the left one, Scarlett, a program.

C.C. Gallagher - fuzzy animals, the book about Buck's Rock that we must write, a B-ball rematch, a hot steamy pretzel, an Italian Shlumpf, a guitar pick, a maid, and tact.

Julie Gilberg - Twinkies, another bunny necklace, a shorter nose noise, Barney's head, fuzzy bunnies, tact, duck, a radish mouse, Shemp the Wonder Elephant (he rules), a packet of duck sauce, Little Mermaid band-aids, more Aladdin Tupperware, Beaver, Otto, baby corn, turtles, a functional pot, and a survival kit to share with DJD.

Stacey Gish - walky-talky, a paperweight, a pizza run (take 3), iced mocha coffee, T.V. soap opera lives forever, "Speed" poster, a car to sit in with A/C, Nedra, chocolate cake, the 80's, a good radio station to wake up to, an evening visit, "Farmer Jack", a large woodland creature, Moonlighters, yellow peppers, Atlantis, Matt, dancing through the decades, falling down, and a take-home waxing kit.

Mike Gitter - a regular guitar, the name "Jake", smelly hands, Latin, Ms. Shamma, Peer Group, 867-5309, a method to wake up MZ, no reputation, a feminine toilet, hotel soap, miscommunications, the gun from my dream, my favorite transmam facilitator, Bastille day, Corn Pops, abdomen, 3rd wheel, Freedom, a lifetime supply of gray thermals, Wiley as a mother, and Fantaci.

Susanna Goldfinger - a big gun, easy cheez, Sesame Street poetry, the big hippopotamus in the zoo, an Israeli soldier, parental permission, all of my love, everything I have, never to be called "character actress" again, shwarma, the perfect batik, a copyright for the Bitter Song, a subscription to Seventeen, a piano lesson, a toe cheese tattoo, a gun, hammocks, what's what, the weaving shop, jogging, a pair of ugly eyes, a vacation, 3 knocks and a "shut up" in the bathroom, one prop, Harris B., Park Avenue Posse, I saw your posse, a clean dry mold-free room, a psychotic baker, a girly-girl, poetry to share, a wide gold belt, my media darling, the bass chef, my shoulders, hammocks, little backpacks, the best time in Israel, and "Let's go jogging NOW, you know you want to".

Peter Goode - Rob's head, Ali in a box, Frank's address in the underworld, insane teachers, Sploosh, a muster contest, Kool Aid, a nose ring, blanky o' death, a slow kaboo, sdgum + ndgum, Nedra, Boof, screaming glassblowing moles, a fat guy with a mohawk and elephantitis named Burrock, Return of the Living Dead Part 3, summer of '91 for six hours, King Crimson albums galore, bam bam, Kurt Cobain's teeth on a necklace, and a ripe nectarine.

Talya Gould - my stomach, the perfect glass piece, the only women in our shops, Passover, Daddy Daid and Daddy Norman, Cats, Howard's End, Monopoly, flute duets, thanks for teaching me how to make a marble, black glass, pistachios, and a name that doesn't sound like your bunkmate's.

Dave Hanlon - Hal, new hair, a sash, grace in gravity, Sgt. Pepper, an answer to your (and my) question, sharp teeth, a night in Tunisia, a key, semantics, the demon barber of Fleet St., Tori Amos, nothing (you know how to say it), the genius Mr. Flynn, a pirate king, white bread and a Peace Pop, those damn hair wraps, a cross and some nails, Pennsylvania 6-5000, branches, twigs and leaves, a fool of your own, and Ethan Hawke's likeness.

Amy Herzog - to be made a devil sticking CIT, eyes that tell the real story; are you as innocent as you appear?!, you get Eric Hirsch this year, the pot boils over, a book of classical music, button that says "I'm not Sarah!", Atlantis, horoscope, misspellings, and Mike, not exactly in that order.

Megan Heuer - Guns 'n' Roses, New Year's Eve '92, raw chocolate chip cookie dough, Perry's class, Mr. Sherman, skiing (tcha), pigout parties, an existential talk, a complicated family, P&R (ha ha), that Phish show we must attend, a daily mirror glance, Monday Night show, an espresso mug, ice-blended mocha, cold medicine, Dave's shirts, the Dead, flute duets, a lifetime subscription to Relix magazine, incense, and your special cotton underwear.

Sarah Hirshan - more Emily quotes, Enema, boyfriend praise, a bit part, letters from Dan, the Bitter Song, a tongue, the Mike Gitter Memorial Bed, ingenue, bunk mommy, nostalgic tape, sexy on stage, your mixes, Tom Waits, yoga, sun salutes, THE necklace, Oscar, my soulmate (11/22/78), spellcheck, a prickly provender, video shop sign, jeans that fit, our spiritual connection, "Farmer Jack", Moonlighters, a good cry, eternal celestial bliss, metallic glasses, we know where our minds unite, pshaw Pearl!, my lifelong friendship, button that says "I'm not Amy!", the big bad wolf, a sponge, the stars, "Atlantis", fruit to vocalize over, an accurate horoscope, "The Coal Diamond", and a song in chorus that we don't translate to English.

Jennifer Holmes - a customer, symbolic cherries, a maintenance man, a picture you look bad in, a ghost, Devil eyes, visions, cat screaming, soul sisters, John L., Snoopy boxers, Rocky 3 (JC status), Kurt Cobain, the eternal river flows, the witch place, one day soon we will fulfill our dreams, my everlasting love, Miranda!, each other's Jovial costumes, real coffee, orientation dancing, Atlantis, and a roommate.

Myq Kaplan - Sploosh, skyhooks, an "edited" Rock Soup, rubber chicken, a new watch, bus, a nutball, the ability to finish a game of Bum Rush Ping Pong, self-esteem, press-on fingernails, screaming moles, angel dirt, a day without mail, a day without female, my hat, a different answer to, "is that mark on your neck made by your violin?", a hooked on phonics (to learn to spell), the old fat butt of a hairy woman's dog, Yippi Ki Aye Mr. Falcon, a quick head toss to the right, a garden hug, a drum roll, my orange sleeping bag, and the Star Wars theme song.

Morgana King - nuns, rug!, gene and dean, Slater pants, a place to play her music, an espresso mug, a clown, a bed in the Octagon, long quiet intellectual discussions, a well-aimed water balloon (not at me!), a wide gold belt, someone else's comfy 2-sleeping bag nest of a bed, Value Thrift w/o Urban Outfitters, and contured flip-flops.

Dave Kraft - "Bag it!", a fan club to listen to his rendition of "The Nothing Song", many Dobson flies, how was your night?, coffee with Rachel, mouth hurts, heard it through the grapevine, bread in your pockets, Scott, some shorts, galls, a louder voice, Boston - we made it!, sausage, the stars, a JC-ship with me, burritos, Snapple, and your schedule.

Jess La Baugh - more clothes, a clean sleeping bag, commitment, indulgence, a little sink, simple ballet steps I can do, uncompetetive girls to talk to, summertime, clearly defined dance studio status, The Tax Inspector, and less flexibility.

Emily Ryan Lerner - a hyphen, cheez whiz, the third issue of ASC, a Tuesday, a copyright for the Bitter Song, dead girly girls, riffs with Rob, Blaine Robbins, Zappa tapes, Rap girl, morning "chilliness", my brother, bikini kill, "It would be okay on any other day", the disco fever, danger in shorts, extra napkins, Photo Shop Property, purple, nokin in the kokin, handi-snacks, appreciation, touch my bunny, a hug of death, a Danbury mall gun, the jukebox that wouldn't shut up, a little backpack, the dark closet, Tudio Tyle, I'll take you home, a symbolic cherry, Nutri-Grain bars, the Brady bunch, purple eggplants, the right eye, and another day as a fairy princess.

Siobhan Lockhart - Tanya, Siobhan, & Juliet, tap, Bye Bye Birdie, the jazz chorus clique, what?, a more phonetic name, an honorary Music CIT-ship, a losing softball team, pshaw Pearl!, corn, 1 hr 15 min. in the barn w/ J.L., an insect free bunk, someone you love to hate, Atlantis, and Merrimack.

Karyn Lyman - dark closet talks, purple, jellybeans, Marsha, blueberries, crack baby, video sucks!, Dustin, a haircut from Juliet, show tunes, Kix box, food, enya, coffee, you got me hooked!, my shoulder, a big juicy pile of laundry bags, "anything" to tell me, some un-striking hair that everybody avoids, that annoying photo voice, buh-bye, some more parents, some real talent to record, OFPS, Phish tickets, Marsha, fixer all over your clothes, a rub on my tummy, FTD Florists, the brother, Pringles in the JC bunk, the rest of our lives in DOTM, nokin in the kokin, I only brought Mariah Carey, some letter advice, a bad hair day, Chief Seattle, trumpet, insect repellent, friendly fish-tubing, hot tub and other stories, and more lines in "Dark of the Moon".

Adam Markovics - a solo in "Jesus", a compliment without the words, "Because you're a clown.", milk cartons, a plastic salamander, funny jokes, a sheep to batik, "You're not listening", "Flame it", Hot Italian Dishes, Gandhi, 6 PM bedtime, a place to put your toe, no typecasting, fancy shoes to play softball in, an X, Punky, Friccozi, Berlin coming in, Hellawww, Grandma, the ability to get to serving on time, saju sausages, the Equal packets KS and DJD didn't throw at you, bitterness, incense, photo shoot w/ Fish, soft skin, a healthy dog who still jumps on you, a day when you're totally serious, "Lovin' Al" backup singers, being able to stand in one place while singing, and a plant for Charlie Blossom to talk to.

Marc Mayer - baby corn, bikini underwear, a sense of privacy, skating lessons, a kitten that barks, the mole on the Dunkin' Donuts lady, skating lessons, a lion legion (a better heritage than the cowardly one), weird handshakes, hot oil and full body batik, my HAIR!, a big smile 'cause you're so cute, and a nicer daughter.

Sarah McKeon - girl jeans, moderation, fun-dip eyedrops, rest, real compliments, a place of her own, Bolivian men, the toothbrush goddess, a guillotine, lots of Kix, a Fez, Tigger, lackluster lima beans, clothes KS won't borrow, a way to age Converse, more cleavagewear, the Bitter Song, the chicken pot she threw, a soulmate, Stu Leonard's, cow watch, sharp dentures, dogs, a James Bond movie, a free and happy world ditz-free, my love, army green, garlic and a cross, Isaac Butler, and the strength of your limbs.

Jess Meed - Randall, new genes, Keri, legible handwriting, a code for your computer, Rastaferret, a jungle gym, stability within the fixxed group, a stress toy, kosher bugs, a nod, Little Red Riding Hood, mini-donuts, the blue crochet tank promptly returned and handwashed, reformation oh god no, Grand Canyon, and a good night's sleep.

Myriam Michalski - sleeping pills, her own mirror, Afterbite, roommates who don't keep her up at night, an eternal backrub, les garcons, ils jouent au basket comme des animaux, mon amie!, Bruno, Lowell (Non!), "Quelle heure a-t-il?", Fish, schmutz, broken mug handles, and Corn Pops.

Andrew Mirsky - an isometric rendering, a big hug, a friend who doesn't yell "Meeersky!" every two minutes, a square, a broken flashlight, the diary of a goldfish, tiles, Flame it permanent earplugs, a carpet, voice lessons, a live-in maid, a mouse, a teddy bear,

license, and processed film.

Liz Nickrenz - wombats, another song for the Nostrilettes, an hour-and-a-quarter in the barn, a gorilla suit, a "banana," an axe (hee hee), Heidi braids, "You look like a Sicilian widow," my solo in "Great Gettin' Up Morning", official title "Rockin' Mama in Training", a guide to souls, poetry at 3:00 in the morning, a baby witch to burn, conversational license, "Blood and Fire", and Strawberry Fields forever.

E.J. Orlando - another month, Feverseed, Watchung, Peter Arbour, a wet guitarist, Ted, the world as your blading ground, a compulsive syrupee, Sir John, Bastille Day smoke-out, Rasta mon, Swing Kids, completion, Sagittarius, a place to settle down, another speech (from LS) and a dream wand.

Dave Ostow - Peterdavid, handi-snacks, real food, plastic spoons, Roditos, a muster contest, guitar stickers, healthy food, McDonald's, a fast river tube, Gafittafroot, some Prince albums, and a different school.

Matt Price - Sunday morning work, "clam clan", Prince, Lust and Dust remover (TM), Smashing Pumpkins, Rte. 117 and the Mt. Kisco hospital, a strawberry, Phish tapes, more Dylan, and \$240 worth of pudding.

Abby Rasminsky - Doggy eh!, Mike (join the club), "my clothes", John Y., a never-ending spaz, parallel lines, family secrets (everybody has one), friends who understand life, just because you're not wearing a white leotard..., "I'm skeered", NKOTB and a loud breakfast waitress, Abriella, MG's dance kick, great hugs, orange soda, the part in JCS you earned, piano lessons, what's love got to do w/ it?, sexy uncrossed legs, recognition, tact, a really nice kiss, bed dancing to the Police, American Express-"Don't leave home without it", "Oh law!" or "Pshaw!", helium-thin chica forever (NOT!) Yale boxers from Jon, Montreal rocks, and kiss talks (ILY).

John Refior - students, hugs, the last name, a bad nail-biting habit, lullaby and goodnight, a Tylenol, beautiful women for nurses (KS & LS), and Felton the goat.

Jen Rosen - #26, someone to sing "Blood and Fire" with, happiness, the water jet, dragons--lots and lots o'dragons, anti-lozenges, Purrrrrrr, elelator go up!, a bus partner, beans, Jon's problems, bathroom chats, biting toenails, buff, galoshes (yellow), Berks fashion tips, FRENTE, her own book, Erica's blueberries, kit kat, all those showers, generic cheese balls are so good, Seinfeld, alarm cluck, slang, a picture of a mouse, Mrs. Exterminator, the nail clipper, Jewish nun, little sisters, Poindexter is G-d!, a real smile, tape-recorded lullabyes, and Swedish fish.

Julie Rosenthal - moths, Raid, eternal Soap Opera Digest subscription, endless cruising, a new dance, my sharona, working T.V., caffeine raid, lots of bugs, broom, The Ramones, your great laugh, GAC showers, Victoria's Secret underwear and bras, Jen's food, styrofoam cups, don't forget the spoons, Danbury Mall, another carousel ride, picture booth, water heater (Megan's), "Attack of the Killer Wasps", REPEAT, diet Snapple, bug repellent, and a pedicure so she can wear her Birkenstocks.

Juliet Ross - a day without the dispensary, toilet paper, a guy who appreciates her, the Lover, a side view of Cats, Passover, a Jewish accent, a few good fights, food no one will steal, a week consisting only of guilt-free chocolate, a kick-ass massage, the skiing, my country house, casino, a boring family, inactive skin, Buck's Rock forever, mommy, hugs and kisses, 5-Grain Harvest Crisps, Perry, 90210 calendars, Pete, Jelly beans, Jedi, peach fuzz, magic medicine, M&M's, peace + quiet at night, and a camp w/o Hunter students.

Mike Roth - "Jake", a big hug, a bed guard, permanent earplugs, a spider, and a padded floor.

Arie Rubenstein - 100 backrubs, a patent for all your inventions, a place in the Octagon, a burglar alarm for your hat, the two T-shirts we discussed, a European country, a rubber chicken, Aunt Gertrude, Mr. and Mrs. Lee, someone to scratch your neck, not to be insulted in print, the six-inch rule, a neck nuzzle at 11:30, Joe Satriani, Sploosh, barking kitten, "@\$%*& you, clown, @\$%*& you!", a flaming Diablo, Iron Man, Bobbitt, Cheese, Houdini, shnacks, sheets, 1AM bedtime, Eastern religious thought, Bastille Day, a garden hug, my raincoat, you are of course just kidding., and an apology.

Erica Rubinstein - tags, stomach muscle exhibits, the carousel at the mall, picture perfect -\$10, secret garden, Fantasia, made your bed with two mints, you're not getting my Wisconsin shirt, surprise party, bubbles, GAC, Jen's guitar, Peyton knows our names, plug out her alarm clock, 25 rings, "Sugar ants running through the bunk, oh what fun it is to ride on a sugar lump", Victoria's Secret, hype forever, I screamed, Sandy, H.F., a high life, the Dazed and Confused girl who is Suzanne, greenie, the best hug, a criminal record, macadamia nuts, Fun Is River Tubing in someone else's tube, apartheid, and rodents.

Dan Salomon - a starie, a hard job, no more citit's, the hohney man, Maximus, a muster contest, Riley's, a cop-free Slurpee zone, CAP, CD-ROM, GORE, a pair of scissors, and "hot diggedy dog".

Avi Salzman - wine commercials, purple, darkcloset conferences, "ram", living in the hood, glassblowing lessons, A Nightmare Before Christmas, crunchy cookies and a camp video, your friend Dave (Fatal Instinct), a misunderstanding, the bed under mine, MH's sunglasses, "the bus", 1000 sheets o' paper, 3rd Reich, mother jokes in a Parisian cafe, OC, an octagon shirt, the right choice, knee tickles, buh-bye, nokin in the kokin, touch my bunny, hugs of death, aw yeah, embarrassing baby stories, dark closet w/ your choice of costume or pub, Burt Dimwitty, "I'm skeered!", isn't Max Meyers cute during tubing?, and can Jackie and I climb on you more?

Kate Schapira - caves, poetic inspiration, 7:39, strobe lights, a free rest hour, reasons, all Sarah's clothes, a weaker neck, Prince Charming, chipmunks, message T-shirt, an Adonis who knows how to write romantic poetry on the bunk wall, Baby Do You Love Me?, applesauce, a backrub, sleep, a finished copy of The History, a fire extinguisher, you think you're cool 'cause you're touchy-feely!, a ghost, someone deserving of your beauty and peace, a list of inside jokes, coffee, a nice dinner with civilized conversation, Mika Laura Sandro forever, the camplife disk, a day to sleep in, my most sincere love, a big hug to get you thru the rest of the year, pretzels, the Bitter Song and chihuahua stock.

Liz Scheier - a cord coupler, all the phallic symbols in "Spaceballs," 5 minutes of perfect hair, Eli, Neejababa, zerbits, a block of wood, ripe strawberries, messages from Spud of the netherworld, sprained ankles as they correspond to ruined romances which never happen, overalls, an actual telepathic link with Marisa, Chinese food, vanilla woman, a letter from Jason, no guilt, peanut butter, huge hug to prove I'm not ignoring you, a list of inside jokes (36K? after all I'm the editor), Rose/White Musk, how would he look best?, suburbia, Peyton's "fear walk", and a higher self esteem.

Bonnie Schneider - a day without going off camp, that nifty book bag in sewing, "Scott", Doesn't that just explain it all?, hyper - H.F. jewelry, lunch, Rebecca, aren't I a good CIT?, can't even help you in etching, I need my lipstick!, I'll meet you at 9:45, Wait for me?, all I have to do is shower, put my make up on . . . aren't mixes when you mix the songs?, soap opera forever!, The Lion King, GHU, the Jackson 5, green apple juicers, Atlantis, a meeting of our moms, Leah and Amy, a Dobson fly, a camp your parents don't work at, a week w/o a sewing trip, and "We should have ordered a pizza!"

Jon Schwanbeck - oil, a clean black shirt, a comb, more clothes, bount chicka buy--ahh! meat! and I'm the Messiah, you may pray.

Adam Segal - hoochie, dinner seduction, wife #2, Larry's room, the Jedi Wheatgrinder, canteen bliss, a shave, his own truck to ride around in, free food, Marguerite: where is she now?, privacy, a walk, Frenchy, and can I trust you w/ Amanda?

Peter Shanel - Wetlands, all the Hitchcock movies on record, Robert Altman's autograph, Mr. Falcon, a dorkwad, movies, zerbits, nothing, tortellini named Bob, bovinity, Dalton, Mr. Eisler, paradiddle jig, Kids In The Hall, more food, pacifism during basketball, coco, better hug timing, and a cheese fight.

Scott Span - spam, hair, punjab, buddha, Scarlet, smelly feet, PMS is all I can say, working, jewelry, Rebecca, mood swings, more than me, I didn't cut all that scrap, you wore that shirt yesterday, what's with those moccasins and that has got to go.

Ethan Teller - a reservoir dog, Books of Blood, Mr. Pink, zombies, weights, Matt Poindexter, a movie he doesn't know about, a movie theater of his own, archery, step-aerobics, Penn, and a good chop.

Matt Velick - Amie, Refrigerator Bandits forever!, Reginald Vel Johnson, lemonade, "Peppers, anyone?", an X next to your name, Maggie T., Kool-Aid, a Cessna, Don't Fear the Reaper, Kids in the Hall, Locks, frankincense, Ohio, a found wallet, a lock-picking set, strawberry-blonde, Chunky Gal gap, Hunger Strike, Simpsons, memorabilia, a different line, I love you, you're my brother!, iced coffee, Forrest Gump, a bell, and a hot dog.

Jackie Weiss - Photo Shop property, the Bitter Song, revenge, a ghost, cat screaming, visions, camp sister mix up, soap operas, magazines, T.V., a cappella on the bus, Bastille morning, a one-leveled bed, Farmer Jack, moonlighters, total transmanness, Boston, Big Al, a face massage, serving dessert, a day out, a spell book and the Sun-In poster boy.

Jake Wunsch - "Shut...ya lip!", an apartment in Manhattan, a ticket to every good concert in the universe, keys to the staff shed, car seat, an alphabetized list of all his favorite bands, Fugasi, soap opera lives forever, how was your bunk, I'll keep you updated, facial reactions, why!, water fights, one day when I learn to go on the expressway, I'll come pick you up and we will cruise, s'more cool indie pop, Charlie Looker, more common knowledge, lemon ice cream, trips into NYC, and NR? Yuck!

Joelle Yudin - "Sit down and shut up!", self-esteem, whispering, enya, hair-braiding, Pearl Jam, litter, show me how (handshake), aw yee, more 3:00 a.m. adventures, womad festival, dancing crazy, no friends, daytime at Actor's, more practice, air freshener, more time to spend together, a plum, a taco w/ pickles, copping sly, bukbukbuk, helium girl, pshaw Pearl!, the middle shower, Owen, being able to read a script w/o an Irish accent, "Crim'n'itly!", and wolf spiders.

Marc Zeltzer - more Werthers, cheese down your shirt, C.C.I.T., a clown cameo as a dancer, the Monday night show, Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test, more photo equipment, a solid part in a Steve play, a midnight adventure w/ a good cause, a trip down to the lobby, Cocoa Puffs, Zenith, melted cheese, a pile of porch laundry bags in the rain, hair you like though I like it as it is,

Alexa Zimmerman - happiness, crochet hooks, countless worshippers, penguins, a cat that doesn't think your couch is his litter box, the five-fingered...well, you know, Star Trek conventions, "Deanna, Data, Dr. Crusher, Deanna, Data, Will, Euh?", Eugene, more environmentalists, Groupies, and afternoon snack with Carl the baker.

TO ALL CIT'S - Someone stable to lean on when you're feeling mentally weak in the knees, and a big smile from Fish.

The CIT Exhibition

It was said and I heard it: "Oh Buck's Rock is not the same." Of course it is not the same. It was never the same. Nothing ever is. Nothing that you will see in this exhibition is the same because it did not exist prior to its creation. Nothing will ever be the same because like all creations, it is unique, it can't be duplicated in just the form that you perceive. It represents the work done by the CIT's of Buck's Rock during the summer of 1994. Not all the work done by them. Not by any means. We can't see their work done in the theatre, the clown workshops, in the dance and music performances. We attended them, enjoyed them, admired the CIT's who worked in them. But we can't exhibit in this show what they did.



The CIT's. An abbreviation. Counselors in Training. And like many abbreviations, the name does not do them justice. And yet in a way it does. "In Training". We are all in training. Young people, older people. We are all "in training" for a future that is both unpredictable and uncertain. An act of faith, an act of immense courage. But these young people whose work is being shown and those whose work can't be shown for some reason are more. They represent! What? They represent the gap between the generations and, at the same time, they are the bridge that spans the gap. They are both separation and connection and as such they ensure the movement of progression as well as continuity; they connect future and past. That is destiny.

And fulfilling destiny, they become creative. Look at the exhibition. There is poetry in their work, whether it is expressed through the East Indian medium of Batik or the ancient art of weaving. It is said that weavers weave the shrouds of nations but they also produce the garments and covers that protect men and women from the cold and can ornament their homes. There is poetry in their lines, the stanzas, the words they have written. They tell us what the whole exhibition tells us: in our flight from ourselves, we reach ourselves. If this sounds like a paradox, it is. We have friends. But we are also as alone as the artist who painted the earth illuminated by a mysterious traveller, a comet, a visitor from a universe that faces us and remains outside our ability to ever reach it. And yet, we are not alone. We have what we have put into the world, what we populate the world with in our inventions. They are now outside ourselves and yet they are us. You see examples in this exhibition. In our inventions, we use what the earth provides.

The Earth! You see a picture labelled "Boom." The Big Bang. The force of unimaginable destruction that is the beginning of all existence. The initial paradox, followed by the long row of all subsequent paradoxes. But it is this paradox that gave us the means for creations as you see them in the exhibition. The metals that were burned into objects of beauty or usefulness like clay, or the wood that put the chessboard, an ancient Persian invention, on legs or that duplicates

medieval chalices. The glass heated in furnaces and blown into glittering objects like sunflowers that the abducted Persephone, queen of the underworld, will never see.

There is shown l'amour, toujours l'amour, but also the bonds that are tugging at the soul. There is always something tugging at our souls in spite of the strong hand that holds the leash.

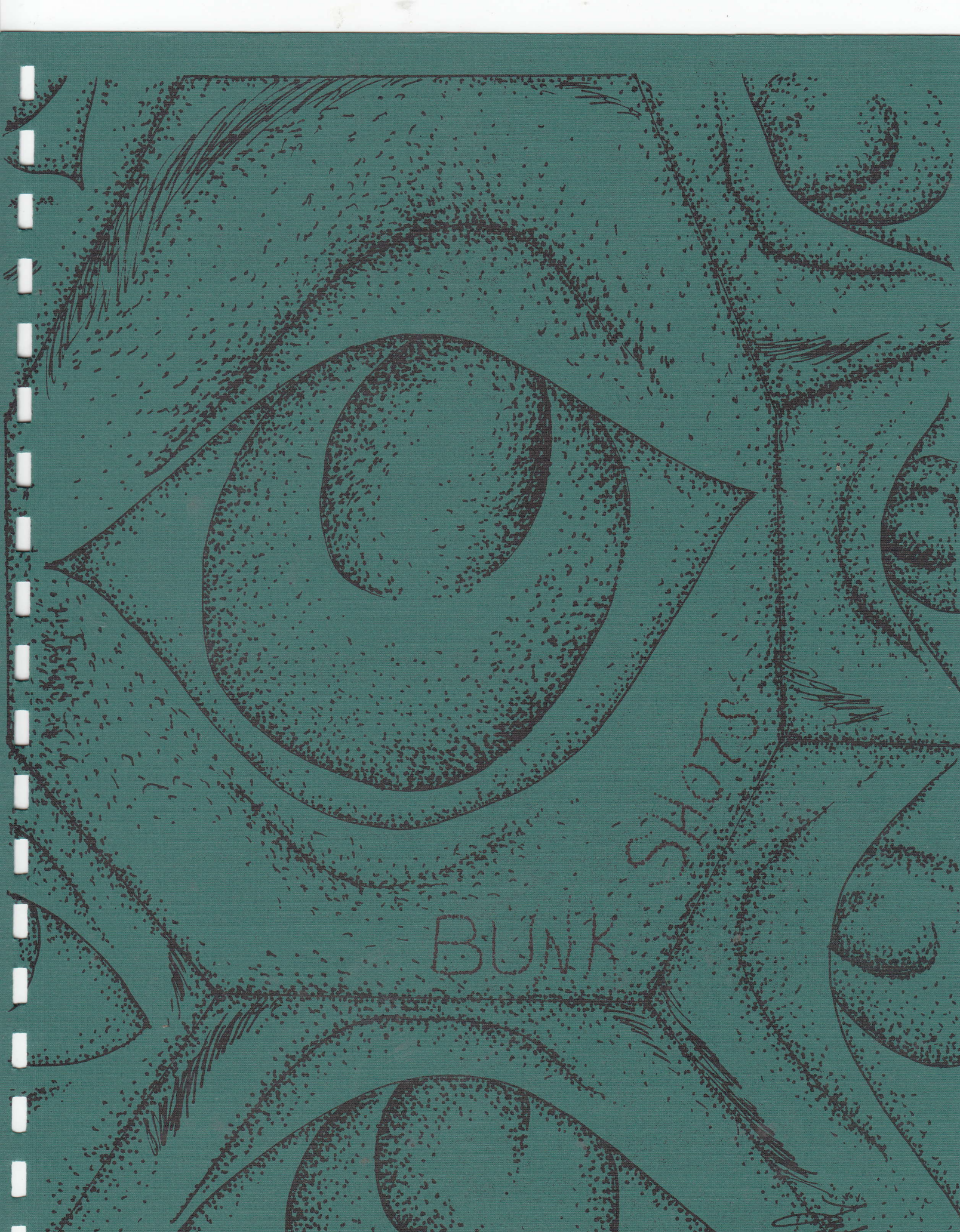
There is a large batik that shows beans turned into coffee. We drink coffee without ever considering the processes that made the transformation possible. We couldn't consider or visualize all the processes that make our daily lives possible. We would become immobilized.

There are photographs that illustrate and interpret what we see, turning it into what we feel. Study them closely. There is a sculpting that is faceless but speaks to us by its form. So do industrial and world abstractions that invite our interpretations, as do the untitled works that resist definitions but make us richer in our attempts to understand. There is a work named "Cycle," the eternal start, the eternal return. Overwhelmed, we seek help from forces outside ourselves. You see some examples here. Magic dragons. Support and Threat. They can be both simultaneously, like most magical forces. An angel, protection that lacks reality. Can what is not real, what exists in our fantasies, provide protection? We have friends, some of them so close, they resemble the twins in a batik shown here. There is an etching of eyes that we look at as they look at us. What do we see? What do they see? And another marked "Fragile." Fragile like all human existence, but as a work of art more durable. There are pictures symbolizing birth and death. There is one picture that modestly calls itself "Work in Progress" but seems to be complete. And you feel that all you see here is complete and yet in progress. Probably all we do, whether we complete it or have to leave it unfinished, is work in progress.

Work in Progress. Would this be a fitting title for the exhibition? Well, hardly. It denies that all we create is unique and in its uniqueness is perfect, although it can never be perfectly perfect. Work in Progress. The CITs, attempting to achieve perfection, although they remain imperfect by nature, are perfect in their progression. We enter the exhibition with this paradox in mind, as we try to do justice to a picture that hangs next to the entrance titled "Sorting It All Out." Trying it, we shall find the experience eminently rewarding.

Enter!

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Lust" or "Lust", with a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.



BUNK

SHOTS

Blue canary in the outlet by the light switch
Who watches over you
Make a little birdhouse in your soul
Not to put too fine a point on it
Say I'm the only bee in your bonnet
Make a little birdhouse in your soul . . .

- They Might Be Giants
"Birdhouse In Your Soul"





Boys' House Down



Boys' Cabins Down

Boys' Cabins Down

Boys' House Up



Boys' House Up



Boys' Cabins Up

Boys' Cabins Up

Boys' Shops



Boys' Shops



Girls' House Down

Girls' House Up



Girls' House Up



Girls' Annex 1



Girls' Annex 2



Girls' Cabins

Girls' Cabins



Girls' Annex Cabins

Girls' Annex Cabins



Girls' Terrace 1

Girls' Terrace 1



Girls' Terrace 2







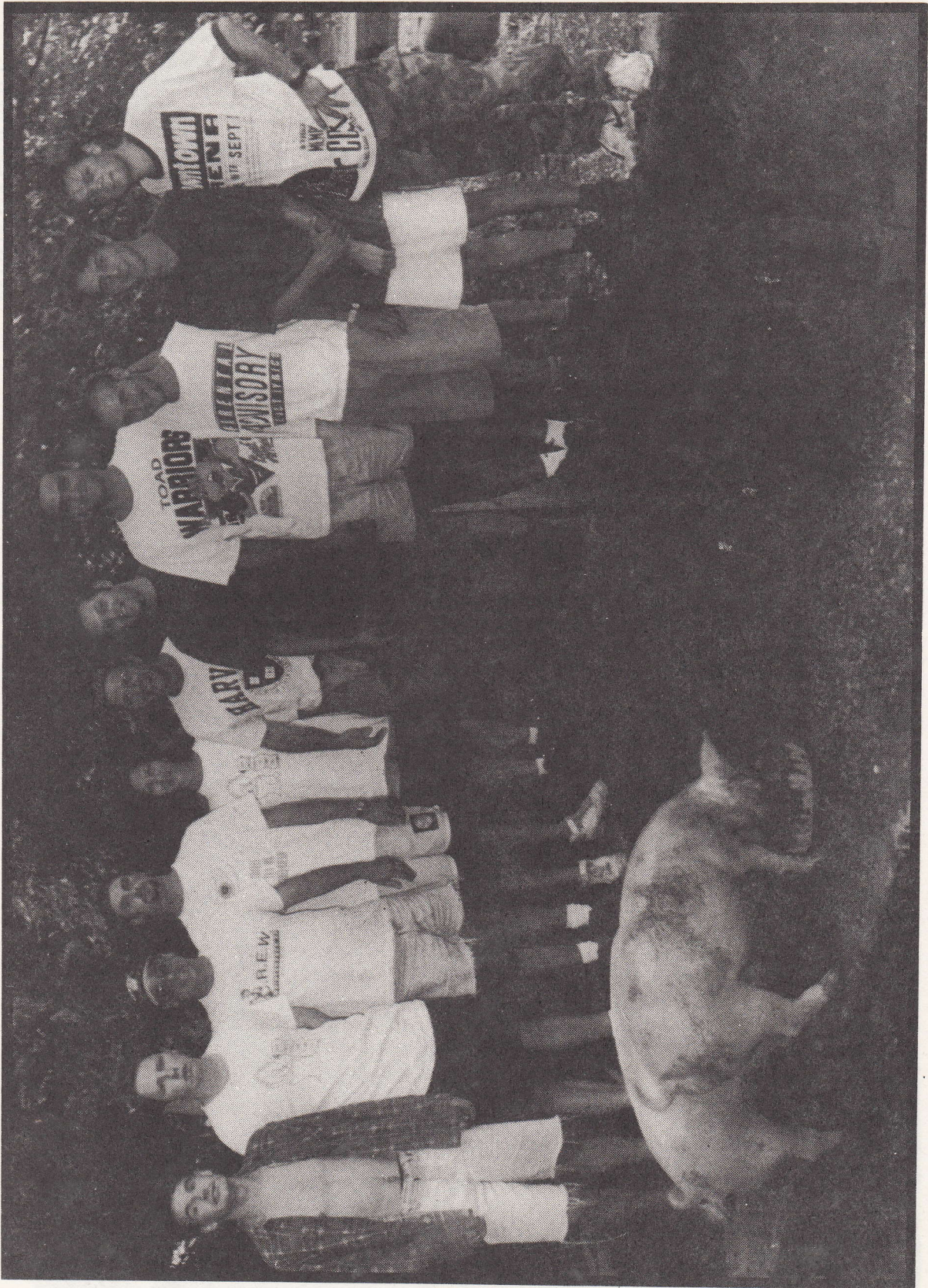
August Boys

August Boys



August Girls

August Girls



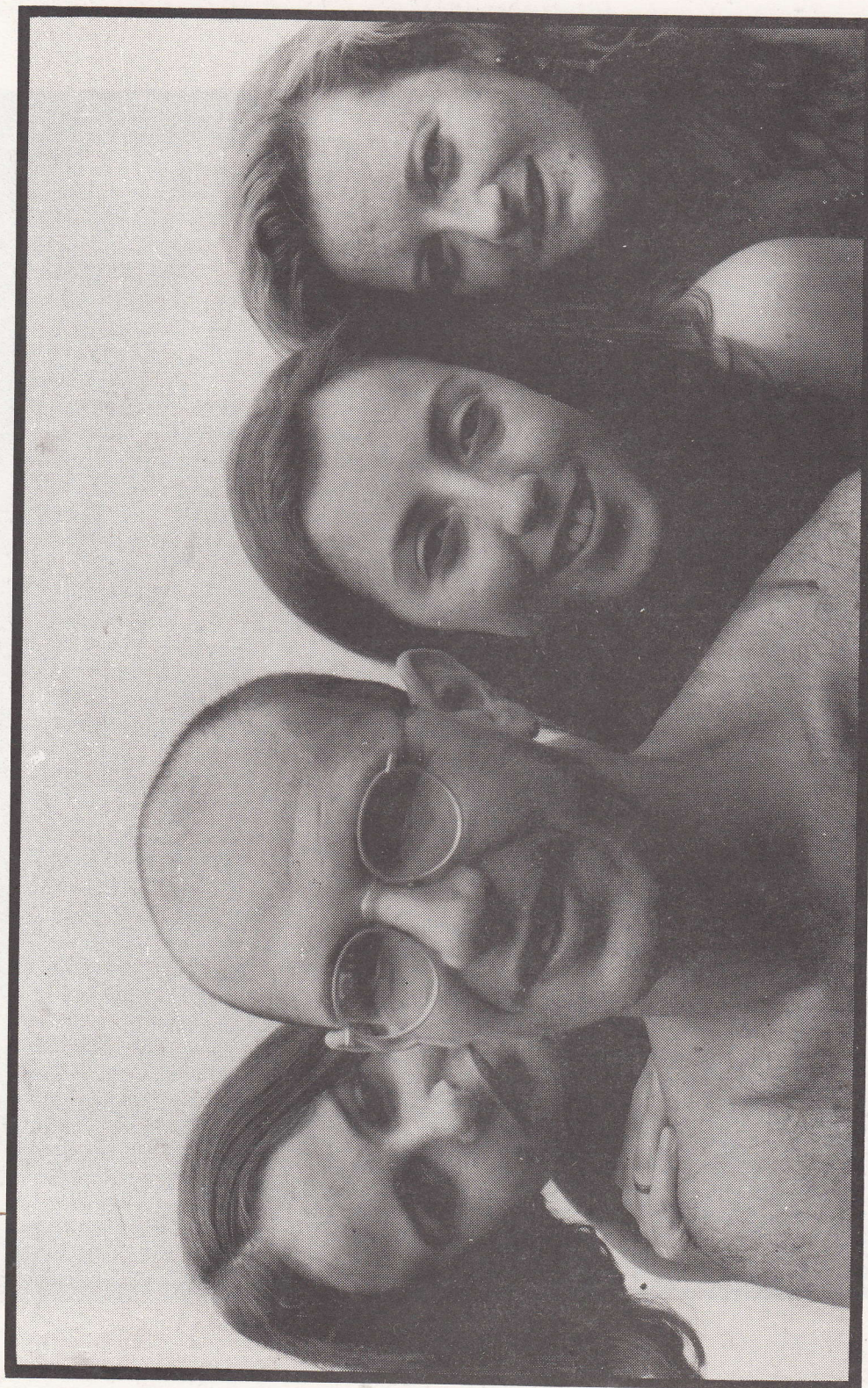
Maintenance

Maintenance



Housekeeping

Housekeeping



Dining Room

Dining Room



Kitchen

Kitchen



Staff Families

Staff Families



Missing Links 2

Missing Links 2

Missing Links 1



Missing Links 1



Medical Staff



Office

HAVING LOST MY NOTES, I AM FORCED TO
MORE OR LESS FREEWRITE THIS, WHICH
WAS MY ORIGINAL IDEA. FOR THE RECORD:
I WOULD LOVE TO THANK ALL OF MY
WONDERFUL FRIENDS, EACH SEPARATELY.
BUT IT'S LIKE WHEN MY PARENTAL
FIGURES UNITED + THEY WANTED TO
MEET PEOPLE - I KNEW IF I STARTED

I'D NEVER STOP + I'D END UP LEAVING
PEOPLE OUT. SO THIS EDITORIAL, IN
ITSELF + IN ITS ENTIRETY, WILL BE
MY THANKS. I LOVE YOU. / I HAVEN'T

LEARNED A WRITER HALF AS MUCH THIS
SUMMER AS I'D EXPECTED

ENTRY, EXCEPT MY FEAR OF BEING LIKE A JOURNAL
ACTUALLY MAY END UP GOOD FOR THE SOUL / THIS

WHAT I SEE NOW IN THE IDIOT IS LOVELY!!
SOMEHOW IT DIDN'T SEEM AS

LAST YEAR, WHEN CHARLIE DID IT. ALL MY
MY UNDYING GRATITUDE + \$50 EA. (JUST
KIDDING!!), ESP. SAM, JEST, ADAM. (303!!)

I'M VERY SORRY YOU HAD NOTHING TO DO A
PUB STAFF; I COULDN'T ASK FOR A BETTER
WITH, COFFEE RUN? ☺ / BOOKS: MUST

OF AVALON, THE HANGED
MAN / I REALLY WANT

TO THANK ALL MY FRIENDS. BUT I'M SORRY
FOR LEGIBILITY THIS YEAR + CAN'T JUST
GRAM NAMES IN ALL OVER THE PLACE / MY
LOVE TO ALL, THEN / PLEASE COME VISIT
ME / I HAD A VISION OF MYSELF
WRITING, + I LIVED WITH THE PEOPLE
I LOVED, + IT WAS VERY BEAUTIFUL.
THIS IS MY VISION COME TRUE, + THOUGH
IT HURTS TO LEAVE THE PHYSICAL
SETTING, OUR DREAM CONTINUES + THERE
IS NO ALARM CLOCK. Love,

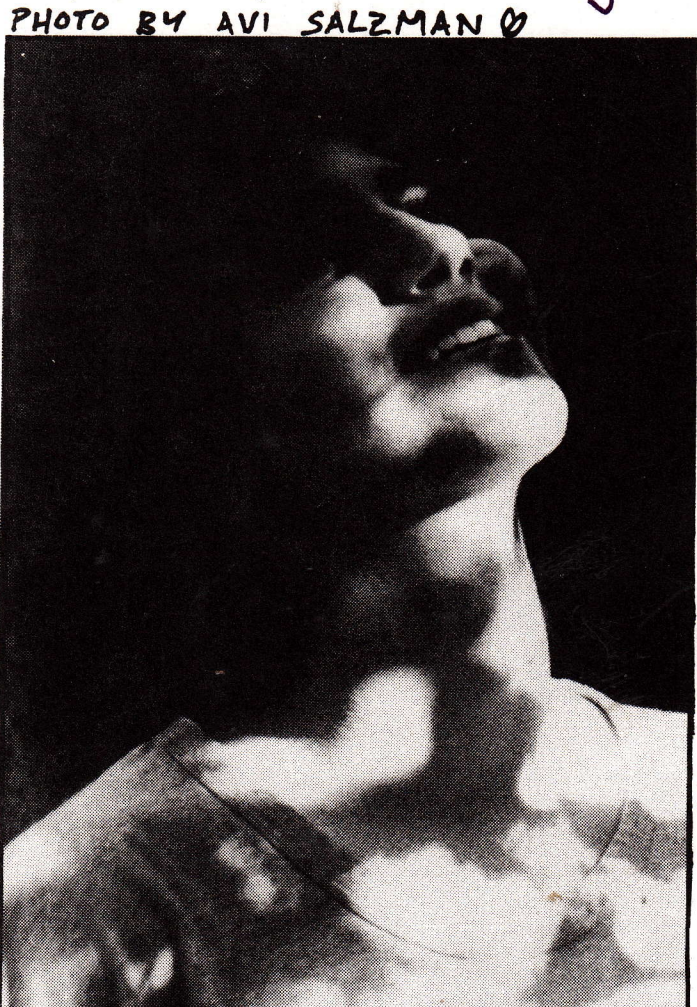


PHOTO BY AVI SALZMAN

In Search of Divine Inspiration, an editorial
by Sam Kusnetz, co Editor-in-chief

There comes a time in every man's life when he must stand up, face the music and do what must be done. That time has not yet come for me.

This is my first year here at Buck's Rock, and it has changed me in more ways than I can list. Why did I choose Buck's Rock? Well, there were, of course, many reasons but two in particular. First, I saw who I later learned was David Hanlon walking around in the Memoirs tape wearing a bathrobe. For some reason, that caught my eye. Second, and more important, was Liz Scheier's article in "Allegory" titled, "Life, the Universe, and Everything." I had finally found someone else who had read those books and liked them enough to write about it. I knew immediately that this was the place for me.

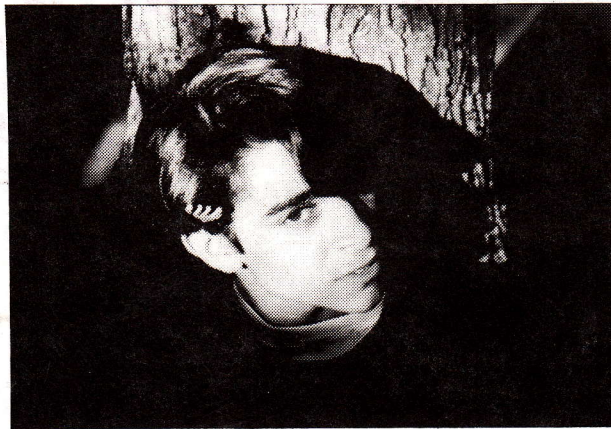
I was originally supposed to stay for the first month only, because my family was taking a trip to England and Wales. One week before I left, I called my father and carefully explained that I would rather hang by my ankles for six and a half weeks with my hands tied to my nose and be forced to listen to bad WBBC broadcasts than leave. He took it rather well, I think, and so I went on to stay for another month. People say I'm crazy (I've got diamonds on the soles of my shoes), then they ask why. It's an easy question to answer. I've made better friends at Buck's Rock in a month and a half than with some people I've known for years elsewhere. This is a truly special place for me.

They said it was a "summer to discover". Little did I know exactly what they meant. Among other things, I have discovered: how to give a six inch hug, that wearing a SCSI cable around my neck helps me to think, that wearing a fork behind my ear causes people to remember me, more bad pickup lines than you could ever imagine or use, how outnumbered we Mac users really are, that painful back rubs are good for you, that it's psychologically therapeutic to babble your problems to someone who is eternally depressed, how much I really do appreciate real food, and above all, that life's good friends are NOT hard to find.

Thank you to: Dad, Leslie, Nicky, Kate, Rachel, Nana, Bianca & Ernie (family); Rick, Dana, Alison (friends from school); Bob Perry, Mike "Go-get-a-late-pass" McGarry, Emilie, Anna, Mike (teachers); Kate, Liz, Danielle, Jest, Liz, Myq, Marc, Bob [Emily?], Rachel, Rachel, Jelly, Julie, Isaac, Abe, Joe, John and especially Marisa (friends from camp); also Douglas Adams, J.R.R. Tolkien, Johann Sebastian Bach, John, Paul, George and Ringo, Richard Garfield, and of course, the Amazing Ernst Bulova.

It's been a great summer.
Love,

Sam



"Some men see things the way they are and ask, 'Why?'
I dream things that never were and say, 'Why not?'"

-Robert Kennedy

Kate Schapira

Co-Writing Editor

There is no way I could ever sum up my feelings about yearbook, pub, or camp in general in a thousand pages, let alone one, so I'm not going to try. I have enough headaches as it is, what with the shop being open till 2 A.M., O.D.'ing on industrial-strength coffee (never mind brewing it for everyone else), and everyone yelling, "Where's the 'Camp Life' disk?", "This isn't printing!" and "CALVIN!" Yearbook is an amazing experience, pub is an amazing shop, and Buck's Rock is an amazing place; although I'm both a writer and a writing editor, I have no words beyond that. Perhaps the words I need haven't been invented yet- but never mind that.

What I can do is thank everyone who has helped make this summer so special for me, especially the following: **Danielle** for advice, 20-minute coffee, and a huge phone bill (just kidding), and for being a wonderful, albeit warped, friend; **Liz Scheier** for patience (even when I didn't deserve it), hugs, and appreciation; **Jess Meed** for good conversation, for the superhuman hours you put in with me, and for introducing me to the cult of Irving the Peaceful; **Sam (Knight of the Fork)** for support, hugs, the Second History, and my business cards; **Julie Gilberg** for letting me vent, and for introducing me to Tom Lehrer and the concept of the nose-noise; **Isaac** for "Baby do you love me?" (I kicked your butt), backstage companionship, massages, and deep thoughts on the soccer field; **Emily Ryan Lerner** for the Flavor-Aid girl, glow-in-the-dark paint, and the loan of your black shirt, and for putting up with me for two years; **Sarah McKeon** for trust, much-appreciated literary criticism, the loan of your wardrobe, and forgiveness; **Marisa** for male-bashing sessions and chorus conversation; **Jess La Baugh** for being a steadying influence (and a very sweet person), and for convincing me to try out for dance night; **Liz Nickrenz** for good talks on the lawn and the Rock, for agreeing with my violent urges, and for just being there when I needed to scream and throw things; **Arie and Mike** for numerous hugs and laughs, and for almost getting me kicked out of the shop; **Dave Hanlon** for sincere hugs and good advice; **Rebecca** for being a great softball coach and an even better little sister; **Susanna** for being the quintessential stooped phatty, and for reality checks every so often; **Emily Meg** for having good taste in music and for the print you left me, and for being a long-distance moral support editor (I miss you!); **Jen Rosen** for singing with me; **Brett** for being a nice guy; **all the pubbies** for making this shop the wonderful Bedlam that we all love; **my family** for everything, but especially for sending me here; **the directors and Ernst** for obvious reasons; and anyone who I left out, it doesn't mean I don't love you.

See you all sometime, hopefully as soon as possible. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to proof something.

Love to all,

Keep your feet on the ground...

and your head in the stars

"Childhood is short and maturity is forever." - Calvin

CO-WRITING EDITOR

Liz V. Scheier

AND NOW FOR A TERRIBLY DISJOINTED BABBLE FROM LIZ:

The rack, the thumbscrew, the Iron Maiden, the ... editorial. Never let anyone tell you that yearbook editorials aren't pure and unadulterated torture. They are. How can anyone sum up what seems like a lifetime of experiences in one short page? How can I cram in all the Thank-You's to the people who have made my summers into the Daliesque Utopia they have been? In my first year here, I wandered around like the proverbial Alice, never quite sure who the people around me were or where they'd come from (as in dimension, not zip code). Now I have found my own space as the Mad Hatter or perhaps the Cheshire Cat, scaring new campers in my own turn. And what happens when September rolls around? I don't just fade into the woodwork like the inhabitants of Carroll's own personal DisneyWorld, although that might be preferable; I go into my own form of isolationist stasis (more commonly known as school).

Having been as depressing and cryptic as possible, I'll end with how much I love Buck's Rock, and the people who make it that way. My friends at home know that every September I'll be an entirely different person than they remember, and to resign themselves to it. This yearbook has been a lot of fun to put together (although I may never catch up on the sleep!). Thank you to all the staff who made it possible and who let me use the printer even when it wasn't my turn. I love you guys!

Huge amounts of thanks go out to:

Julie, for liking all the right music, being my friend for so long, and for looking so good in an engineer's cap; **Kate**, for being the sweetest person alive, although I still hate you for the way you look in a bathing suit; **Sam**, for immortalizing "Neejababa!" and getting me hooked on Magic, and for letting me mother you just a little bit; **Danielle** for letting me kvetch and even giving me food while I was doing it; **Pete**, even though you never let me watch the end of Head in a Box; **Ben**, just for your all-too-lovable presence; **Raphie**, for raiding Portugal with me and for being such a sweetie; **Arie**, for changing my entire life and not even knowing how; **Jake**, for your oh-so-sexy reading voice... **WOH!!!**; **Jen R.**, my soul mate, for your unmatched personality, incredible quotability, and for being an airplane with me; **Alexa**, for Golden Grahams and unbearably cute nose noises; **Jess**, for Irving the Peaceful and just altogether being such a nice person; **Hal**, for showing me that normal \neq boring, "Did I mention that I play football?"; **Marc**, for your barking kittens who eat baby corn; **Liz N.**, for the teleportation chants and for letting me hold Wombat; **Marisa** for telepathic links and granola; **Erica** for being such a great little sister; **Abe** for your infallible sense of humour; **Isaac**, my favorite Muppet/Ferengi, for everything; **David** for cubic perspective and shrimp; **Myq**, for putting up with me and typing all that stuff up; **Beth** for being the Angel; **Ian P.**, for all your love, trust and bad Rod Stewart music; and **Mom** for sending me here.

Special Thanks to the wonderful huggable Pub staff,
the directors, and of course, Ernst.

Love and piggies to all,

Liz

"The only thing that went through the mind of the bowl of petunias as it fell was 'oh no, not again'. Many people have speculated that if we knew exactly why the bowl of petunias had thought this, we would know a lot more about the universe than we do now." - Douglas Adams

-Allen Ginsberg

"... who threw their watches off the roof to cast their ballots for Eternity outside of Time, & alarm clocks fell on their heads for the next decade ... who crashed through their minds in jail waiting for impossible criminals with golden heads and the charm of reality in their hearts who sang sweet blues to Alcatraz ... who wept at the romance of the streets full of onions and bad music."

READ THIS --- IT'S REALLY COOL!

Before I get into anything else, let me just say that my name is Myq. I've heard some people talking about how that's not really how I spell my name, but those **rumors** are completely untrue. Even if you see it spelled differently anywhere else in this very yearbook, it's just because some people don't understand that some people like to be original. Just keep in mind that what you see here is the truth, because this is my page. Man, I'm really glad I got that off my chest. **On to** other stuff.

Here's where I'd usually take some time to kvetch about the yearbook title. However, complaining about the title is really overdone, so I'll just say that if the choice were **mine**, the yearbook would probably have a different name. (Although if it were up to me, all the other editorials would probably be just like this one, except they'd be griping about **my title**.)

Anyway, this is my fifth summer here, and I can honestly say that it has been the best one yet. Many thanks to my family, Ernst, the Photo Shop, Sam, Kate, the Clown Shop, Liz, Rachel, R.E., Pete, Joe, Jess, Amos, **Dave**, **Eric**, Sarah, Marisa, Ruth, John, Jen, Emily, the Pub Shop, Marck, the Mushed, Alanna, Ted, Danielle, my softball team, Matt, and anyone else who helped to make the summer of 1994 so great (for me, that is).

I love you all (except for the people who annoyed me constantly). Have a good year, and I hope to see you all again next summer (except, once again, for those select few that irritate me).

Myq Kaplan, Assistant Writing Editor

P.S. I must be getting old. I nearly walked away from this editorial without a single inside joke. Lucky I caught myself. Here they come: Fyl (you copycat), I smell refund. No, not really. Dan, did you read that starie on page eddy-one? Pete----nothing. Rachel----goat. Arie, or should I say Watermel----YO, IT'S DA BUM RUSH! GET OFF THE TRAIN! Danielle, your sister is a sink. Dave, I'm not sure how to put our little head turn thing into words, but you get the idea. Yum. Anyone who brings **me a** glass of water will receive the European country of their choice. Alex, my mother has a dress just like that. The audience is listening. **Slow** children at play. Don't bend that plant, you silly! Anyone who finds Sploosh for real gets a free small appliance. Straighten it out. **NINE!!!**

P.P.S. Allow me to entertain you with excerpts from a conversation I had during the school year, while standing outside the locker room (I use the initials MH to keep the stupid person's identity relatively anonymous):

Myq: Is the door locked?

MH: No.

Myq: Then we should go inside and change.

MH: Because I'm stupid.

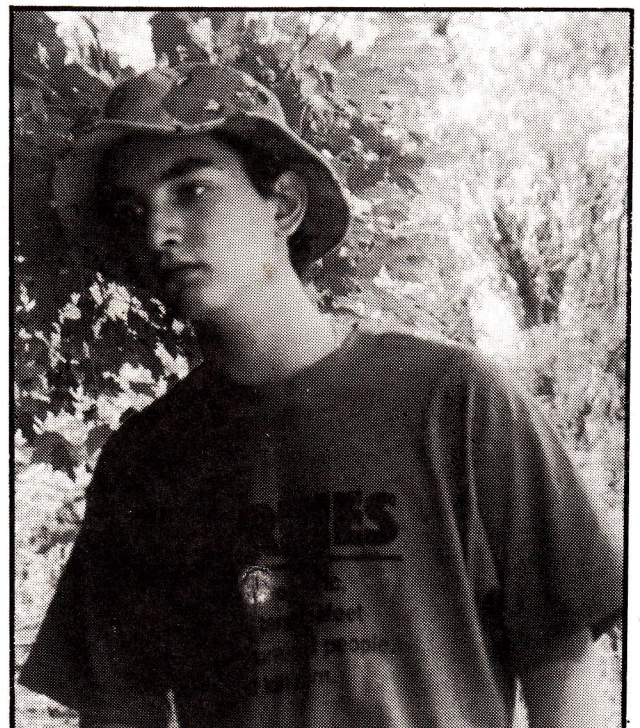
P.P.P.S. What exactly is bargello?

P.P.P.P.S. Lack of sex causes bad eyesight

P.P.P.P.P.S. I wish I had enough money to buy
724 big, red tractors, and **a** pool big
enough to fit all of them in.

P.P.P.P.P.P.S. Knock knock!
Yahoo!

Mooooooooooooo!



Beth Kalisch- Assistant Writing Editor

*Here is my song for the asking
Ask me and I'll play
So sweetly I'll
Make you smile*

*This is my tune for the taking
Take it don't turn away
I've been waiting
All my life...*

This summer has been two of the best months of my life, and even writing this editorial I feel my heart swell with warmth and happiness. I have made so many new friends, all different from each other and my friends from school. They helped me to do lots of things I was afraid to try, but ended up having a lot of fun with.

Thanks to my mom, dad, Laddy, Jessy, Molly, and Lexi- I love you guys so much!

Thanks to Annex 1, especially the 8-room for all the talks and support...and for putting up with my constant singing- ("My name is Beth and if you hear singing at 10:30 at night it's probably me.") Jen, did I drop a tissue again? Anna, why did we get stuck with the thin camp blankets? Thank you for telling me who you like, Caren. (After nine years.) Hey, Sarah, did you ever buy your sister Margaret the Mediterranean chicken? Did they have mustard and onions today, Claudia? (Please, anything but Go Go!) Naomi, will you wait for me? I promise to take a detour. DID ANYONE EVER MAKE THAT T-SHIRT?

Cast of The Marriage: We rule! I do *not* mumble other people's lines on stage!

Working: "You f-er I'm gonna shoot! (Stop making fun of me, Heidi!) What else can I say? We were awesome. I always wanted to be a fireman. (I love my single-striped coat.)

Thanks to chorus, FMLF, madrigals, a cappella (You really got a hold on me, sesame street style) and even the forgotten H & T. Erika, you're amazing. Thanks to Jon for teaching me "The Harmonious Blacksmith", and Rachel "I've got it all in my head" Donohue for sending in the clowns. Lili has the most beautiful middle and last name ever. Sopranos live. One of these days we'll rebel and sing everything an octave lower.

In the pub: Thanks to Kate for being the honorary pub mother, Liz S. for being unbelievably sweet and supportive, Emily B. for making feel like I knew what I was doing, Liz N. for the harmony and hugs, Marc for the gossip, Danielle for the pointless walks, and Sam for being organized and hilarious. A big thank you to all the people who were actually polite to me when I went around for shop articles- and the blessed few who almost ended up writing on things they knew nothing about for me- WOULD ANYBODY LIKE TO WRITE AN ARTICLE FOR THE YEARBOOK?

*This is my song for the asking
Ask me and I'll play
All the love that I
Hold inside
-Paul Simon*

Always,

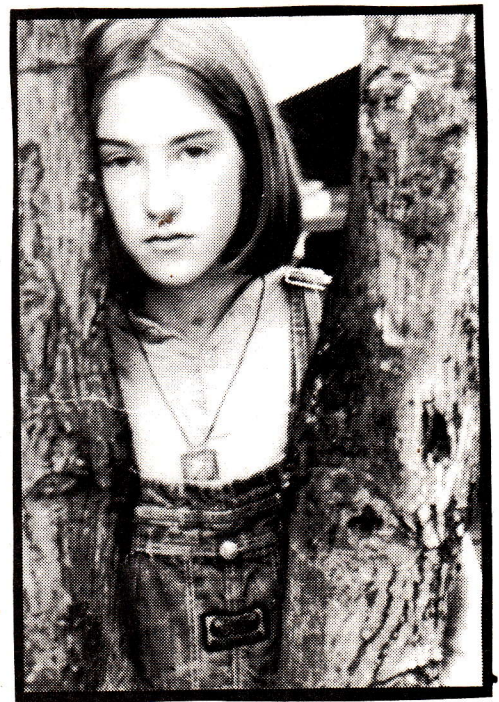
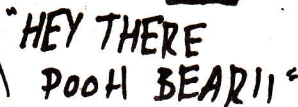
Beth \$



Emily Brachin C.

54415

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Emily Price

Assistant Writing Editor

Upon arriving at Buck's Rock for the first time in late June of 1993, I must admit I was a little bit shocked. I'd never seen so much purple hair in my life. Actually, I'd never seen any purple hair in my life. I walked down the road, which was strangely unfamiliar then, to my bunk, Girls House Down. My parents, brother and sister helped me to unpack my bags and get settled in. As nervous as I was, I managed to say my goodbyes and begin the process of making a good first impression on my bunkmates. I made a few acquaintances and began to feel more comfortable. Although when I went to orientation I felt completely overwhelmed, it was also really exciting that I could participate in so many things here.

As I look back on it, the past two summers that I have spent here at Buck's Rock are among the most memorable ones of my life. My experiences here have been extremely different from any other place I have ever been. While I have been here I have learned how to do so many things. For instance, I know how to work with metal and make jewelry, do wood working, print, weave, dance and use a pottery wheel. I've overcome my sewing disability, and can finally say that bargello is no longer a mystery. But, most of all I've learned how to be myself. Buck's Rock has taught me that what feels right inside is what's truly right for me. It doesn't matter if other people don't understand or don't want to understand me. If I spend all of my time trying to please other people, then I'm not being true to myself and I'm doing more harm than good. I now know that I should try to accept myself, rather than transforming into something that I can never truly be.

I've definitely had my summers to discover and would like to say thank you, Buck's Rock, for teaching me so much.

And now for the rest of the thank you's -

Thank you to my house counselors, Megan and Sinead, for always being there. Because of you, I'll always remember to get up, get up, get up, and how ticklish I am. Thank you to Girls Annex 1 for trying to save me a piece of pizza. Thanks Lily for bearing with my paranoia; you always kept me laughing. Thank you Alison, remember never to jog or do aerobics in corduroys- you might start a fire! "12 year old girl in New Milford crushed by sewing closet". Moral of the story: never stuff a pillow into a shelf! Thanks Alexis for always keeping me posted on the camp days countdown. Sorry for scaring you in sewing, but I swear bobbins really are evil! Dinah-Dearest-darling, thank you oh-so-very much for being the sweetest, kindest, most giving person in the world. You are perfection and some day we'll both have six packs. Too bad Troll Woman has no teeth and she and C-junior tap me on the shoulder for no reason. Never forget "I'm not really that fat am I?" - I don't think she'll ever get the hint. I love you!!! Thank You Mom, Dad, Rebecca, and Jonathan for all the love and support that you've always given me.

Thank you Ernst for founding this wonderful place and enabling us to celebrate its 52nd summer. And thank you to everyone else who is a piece in this great puzzle called Buck's Rock that I have only begun to put together.



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Jessica T Meed Art & Layout Coordinating Editor

(warning: This Editorial may be redundant so I may wind up repeating myself.)

More than anything else this summer was a confirmation of who I already was. So for the most part I'm the same person as I was when I arrived. Well, with some exceptions. I am no longer scared of the dark ("I know it's 12:30 but can't I please go Rollerblading?"). I am now 16. I understand and appreciate the importance of Reflex Blue. I now believe that sleep and not sugar is the solution to all of the world's woes (actually, I am just making an assumption about this). Oh and by the way my name is no longer Jessica T. Meed but Jest Meed. Now all of these changes may seem rather superficial, but as a firm believer in Ringo Starr's philosophy that "...There is more to this than meets the eye" I assure you that they all have some deeper meaning.

So why just Jest? Among other things, I figure that without a name tag to speak for me, it is best to have a name that my tongue will not trip over. Second, Jest makes a great password for my computer. And lastly, it is my belief that there is no foe in the world (at least not in Buck's Rock) who can not be overcome by pure, shrill, psychotic, maniacal laughter.

Oh by the way, to the whole Pub shop. If I were to attempt to write down everything that I wanted to say to you guys, Jon would probably wind up pulling this page from the to-be-plated box, and calling me into the Pub garden for a special meeting to discuss how I was not conveying all of my thoughts in a clear, coherent and articulate manner. To avoid that the following will have to suffice. You, the lovable Pubbies, have seen me at my most capable moments and at those moments when I have frozen, and have continued to work with me throughout it all. Thank you.

One last thing. I can't quite find the right adjective to describe this summer. I could use the word amazing because in a way it has been. There are millions of things which I achieved this summer that I have never before done in my life, the most notable one being making friends who I trust as much as the friends that I have here. If I were to thank all of you by name I would have to print this editorial in 3 point. So...To everyone else who I need to thank, if you don't know who you are you desperately need more self-confidence. You guys are the greatest.

Fava Beans!!!
Jest Meed
Jest Meed

ART & LAYOUT EDITOR ADAM BRIN

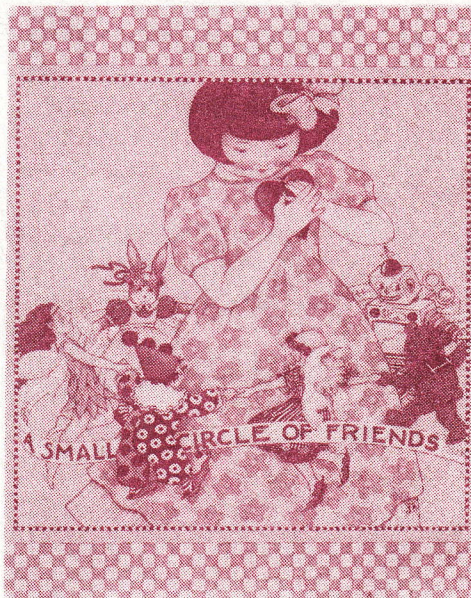
I would like to address this editorial to many people, but first and foremost to Ernst. It was his ideas and example that inspired me in my quest for knowledge and self-expression.

Ernst: This small niche in Connecticut called Buck's Rock is the closest example of Thomas More's Utopia that I have yet found. Though Buck's Rock's imperfections have shone bright many days this year, they are small in comparison to those of the outside world. One of the best qualities that defines Buck's Rock is its patchwork of people. Its many facets combine to create one big tessellation, with the likeness of Escher's, for we are all the same on the outside, and yet each piece of the tessellation, like each person, is different when scrutinized. I would like to thank you for providing me with my drive and focus in life. You have enhanced my search for self-perfection, but, like Belthropian, Narcissus, and Aesclepius, and the many other Greeks that strove for perfection, I have found that everyone has some unavoidable imperfections, some personal Achilles' heel. This camp has changed me and shaped me in many ways, but unlike others it has neither branded me nor had me conform to standards. I would also like to thank you for giving me a place in which I will always find a home. During the year, when I am away from Buck's Rock, I will carry it with me as a sign of hope and comfort; and as a goal to strive for in my life. So again, I Thank You.

To the Pabbies:

It has been both an honor and a privilege to work with all of you; your hard work and dedication have both inspired me and enabled me to keep my sanity. I apologize for any problems that I may have caused anyone, and dearly hope that this has not impeded on our friendship. While I might have complained about many things or raised my voice when it was uncalled for, you must understand that, at that time, I was under a lot of stress, and that it was not meant for you. On a happier note, it was a pleasure to work with all of the members of the yearbook staff and I truly consider them all friends.

A special Thank You to the Amoeba



who have cared for me throughout this year.



A note on the title. The theme of Dragonfly Eye was not one of the most fitting titles for this yearbook. The ideas that surround this year for me are not fully expressed by this title, but instead, by others. The ideas of birth and rebirth are paramount this year, which has been about beginnings as well as re-learning old ideas. This year has also been suffused with the ideas of Sho-Shin or beginner's mind, because as we come to this camp, we enter with a beginner's mind and an extremely simplistic view of this world, which is not necessarily good or bad. The beginner's mind also provokes the simple determination of an avid beginner.

Still, in some ways our title does fit. The dragonfly eye is filled with thousands of facets that make up the world we live in. Buck's Rock is also made up of these and that makes the title quite significant. In the final analysis, any title would accurately fit this camp's yearbook because of the myriad of people and ideas that this yearbooks stands for.

REPEATING CONVULSIONS...

...often occur in people who witness repetitive convolutions (in case you didn't know.) But anyway, here is my editorial...

My thanx section for all the people I will thank for assorted reasons which are described below:

Mommy and Daddy for letting me live past my fifth birthday, Peter (My brother) for being such a great brother and a good friend, Me, The rest of my semi-dysfunctional family, My bunkmates, Pub as a whole, Pub as a half, Dick (The offset press), Ya Bob, Kate for the hyper-making coffee, Adam for the mango tea, Gladys for keeping Ian busy and out of my way, Clown for giving me a nose and some extra insanity, Ernst because everyone thanks Ernst, The rubber chicken of which I forget the name, Ghoti (Pronounced FISH), Spam, My Mothers Sisters Brothers Uncles Former Roommate, Cup-o-soup for saving me from the pepper-macaroni, My aunt's dog, Mail, My cousin Russie for being so cute, Brett Kizner for being such a wonderful kind and caring person, Toilets for just being there when I need 'em, Gojo, The wonderful computers, And last but not least Jo Mama!

SIDEKICK LAYOUT EDITOR/ WONDER BOY



Everyone thinks that being sidekick editor of the yearbook isn't as important as, oh, Editor-in-Chief. Well, you're right. But even so, I still have a semi-important job. I still have to show up just like everyone else. I still have to occasionally do something like a paste-up or a layout. But anyway, it's been fun. It really is great being able to sit back and watch a yearbook come together... Better yet, being able to sit back and watch-

Everyone is able to add their presence into the yearbook. If one person who is now an editor, didn't make it to the editor-choosing-meeting when we started, the yearbook would definitely look different. (For better or worse is not important right now). Like everyone else's, my job here, working on the yearbook, was an important one.

But, getting off the topic of yearbook while I still have room on the page, I'd like to say that this year at Buck's Rock was a good one for me. This year is my second, but don't tell me to try to compare the two because that would be like comparing apples and oranges, (or camp food and "real" food for that matter) and that is a completely different story. Some of my favorite highlights of this year are: The sodas falling off the shelves (along with the shelves) at canteen, When the clay pot did that funky thing on the wheel, When Adam Markovics had a slight convulsion at Clown, When John Rachmani tried to take over the world at WBBC, When the cows kind-of gave birth, And when UFO's occasionally fly from Brett's bed to mine.

I must admit, I wasn't quite as productive this year as I have been in the past, but I have been in two clown shows and Editor of the newspapers at pub. The main idea here is that I have had fun and I will see you guys next year.

Hall of
Quotes of
Remembrance

CLOWN

PUB

BUNK
CENSORED

THREW MERELIS

"NO DADDY!"

"GIVE ME SOMETHING
TO DO!"

"AAH....A BEE"

"THAT NUN IS MY MOTHER!"

"IT'S BROKEN!"



217
-N-

to a close and I can hardly believe it 6 years almost over in
would you hold it against me? I am no longer

have yet to

(aka "The Lackey")

Backs 200-100

(Faint handwritten notes visible through the paper)

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Ernst - Thank you very much

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Backs

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Kate Elizabeth Seelsa
Art and Layout Assistant

The title "Dragonfly Eye" is about perspective. A dragonfly's eye is many different perspectives and pictures coming together to create one beautiful vision. To me this perfectly describes Buck's Rock. This being my first summer here, it took me a while to adjust to this unusual pattern and find a perspective of my own, but once I did, I had a wonderful time. The thing I love about this place is that we all fit somewhere in the collage that is Buck's Rock. We all add something to this incredible mixture of people and ideas and talents. Like the pieces of a dragonfly eye each of us is truly unique and yet we all fit together, making one amazing whole.

I would like to thank Cody for being my own personal unofficial moral support editor, Dan, Josh, and Satan (Alex?) for always waiting for me to finish eating, Amy and Andrea for being so cool, Brian and Gianna for being my friends, Sarah for being a great roommate, my counselors Aara and Ellen for always being there to talk, and Jake for being himself. Also thanks to my mom and dad for being the best parents ever and a great big thanks to my grandma and grandpa for sending me to this wonderful place. I love you all.

Kate



PMT and Assistant Production Editor

This year is filled with many fond memories for me of pub and its staff. I believe that this year was a fun and exciting for me at pub because I got my own press that Ian named Helen (in reference to Helen from costume who he thinks fantasizes about me.) I had a fun time organizing a party for Jess, Sam and Danielle and teasing Jess about calling the camper showcase shamp-er-cocase (shamp-er-co-ccasse.)

I never thought I could make it until coallation because of all the pressure put on me. I almost felt like killing Andrew on the late nights because of the way he acted due to Kate's coffee. Thank you Kate for all of that coffee and calming me down. To Adam for the soothing herbal tea and friendliness. Thank you Ernst for all the wisdom about my two stories in the lit section. Thank you Sam and Danielle just for being yourselves and thank you to all the other editors at Pub

See You Next Year!!!

Love your editor going crazy,

Brett Kizner (Calvin)

Brett Ian Kizner



DARRELL J. SILVER

Production Editor

If you were to remember my editorial from last year you would see that part of it was about the former press runner; Stuart, I guess he thinks that he is too good for the production section this year because he works in art & layout this year. But not to worry, six weeks late and just in time for yearbook is Steve. Steve is the "wee one" that Ian was making fun of before he came. He was here 2 years ago (my first year). At that time I printed with him, this year I print with him. Over a period of 2 years I would say that was a lot of improvement. This year I am a production editor, last year I was a production editor, I would say that is a lot of improvement. One thing that has not made improvement (not that it necessarily needs improvement) is Ian, even though I do not remember Ian and Steve arguing so much it doesn't matter because it makes things funnier for me and Jen. That's the thing with this place, nothing ever changes, and if it does it is something very small that is likely to be changed back in the future.

One thing that changes in this shop every year is art & layout: every year they have better staff than the previous year. One of the only reasons I said this is because of Julie. She was the one who, with the help of Ian, helped me design this page, unlike last year when I had to design the page on my own.

If you are wondering about the blacked-out person in the computer article, that will remain a dark mystery to non-publies. If you are wondering about the icon on the dispensary/kitchen pages, that was art & layout's fault. If you are wondering why all the words with the letter "v" are in a different color, it is because the keyboard on which I first typed this could not type "v's" and I had to add them later.



Photo By Sam Stern

Thank you to the printer who delivered the black paper for the dividers late last year because that gave me the opportunity to use it for my editorial. Thank you to early mishaps that allowed Steve the opportunity to come here again with me and Ian.

IMPORTANT MESSAGE:

CENSORED

SIGNED, THE EDITORS

Avi Salzman Co-Photo Editor

Of course, in the beginning, I thought printing until 1 a.m. might turn out to be a lot of fun. There were a few things, though, that I hadn't counted on. The first surprise had to be Brett, who never greeted me with a smile or a "hello," but with a grimace and an order for pictures like I was McDonalds. Next, I realized that at 9 p.m., after printing for two hours, 1 a.m. was not joyously anticipated. Also, because of deadlines, we didn't always get pictures that we wanted into the yearbook. Still, I had a lot of fun and got great satisfaction. Thanks to Karyn for always cheering me up and hummus and to Emily for telling funny Quinn stories and a billion inside jokes. James, thanks for teaching me 90% of what I know and Gail, thanks for putting up with me. Andrew, thanks for showing me why the English shouldn't play softball. Leo, thanks for teaching me the other 10% of what I know and showing me naked pictures (even if it was déjà vu). Last, but certainly not least, is Alanna, who I missed for a full month. Thanks to my friends, parents, Ernst, the directors, etc. I really love the camp more than anything. Thanks,

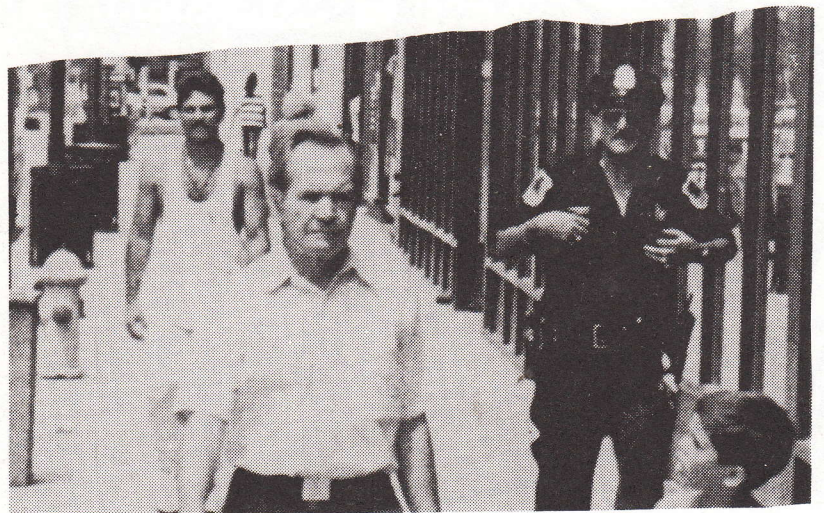
Avi

P.S. To all you pubbies out there- I know that we've yelled at you a lot and you did deserve much of it, but I guess you did end up doing a good job, so thank you. Thanks especially to Sam and Danielle.



DOHHH!

I'M SKEERED!



CAPTAIN GABE'S SHNACK
SHOP

YOU GUYS RULE (EVEN IF YOU ARE FREAKS)

I'LL MISS YOU ALL

and special thanks to METAL Rachel, Joelle, Suzanne, Hal, Jen Julie, Matt, John, L, Gillian, Sarah, H, T, Susan, Susan, my Mom, Ernest - all Directors

ABBY - POLICE BED DANCING, EHP

BRADY BUNCH! IN THE DARK CLOSET? WHAT EXACTLY HAPPENS! EGGPLANTS!

Juliet - Always sing showtunes at the top of your lungs

hope that you have no problems down there over the year(s) - UTI

Some words of advice for everyone: Opportunities surround you if you know where to look. - Fortune Cookin' Lucky Numbers 48, 54, 19, 49, 23, 41

Wiley - "DAWG" Creedence forever

MG - I'm always there for you when you need a tummy rub

Jesse - It's always your decision. You're terrible. I like it. "MORE" - soft Pick up lines - soft hands, I'll miss you!



CO-PHOTO EDITOR -

KARYN LYMAN

MUSICAL CHAIRS

LOIT- ERING IS A PERMIT

TRUMPET

Sandy - Thank you for everything this summer. I really appreciate the both of you!

AMOS - Thanks for spelling my name

PETE - "MARSHA... buth-bye"

BUCKS ROCK 44

HAPPY DANCE FAIRY PRINCESS EARLENE

WOMAN I AM THE LAF

ANDREW - It was great to have you in the shop 2nd month. Sorry that you couldn't be with us earlier. CHEERS!

TO ALL PHOTO SHOPPE GROUPIES, I HOPE YOU HAD A GREAT SUMMER. I'll miss you! - HippoNomam

TA-TO - Thanks for putting I'll miss rooming with you!

I NEED TO FILL SPACE!!

Foto

AVI - Think of me when you listen to Saver

TO ALL THOSE PEOPLE WHO DESERVE TO BE ON THIS PAGE BUT AREN'T DUE TO MY SHORT TERM MEMORY. IT DIDN'T MEAN TO, I FORGIVE ME, PLEASE!

James + Gail - Thank you so much for giving me a great shop to work in. I had a great summer!

James + Gail - Thank you so much for giving me a great shop to work in. I had a great summer!

David, Ellen, Lee - Alex - Thank you so much for your help on the yearbook. I had a great time working with you! - dark all night

James + Gail - Thank you so much for giving me a great shop to work in. I had a great summer!

AVIER

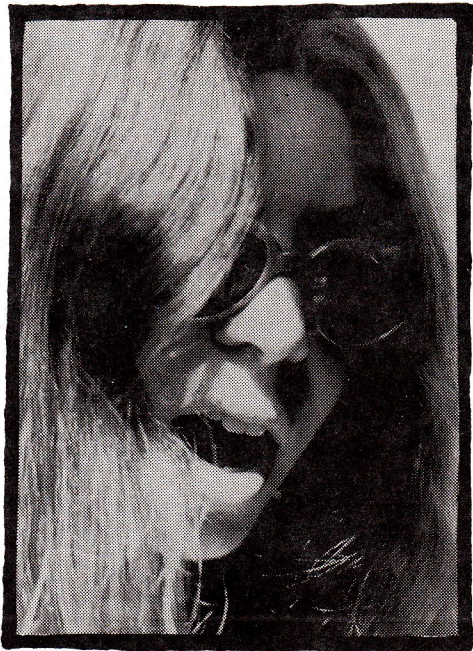


PHOTO BY GAIL HERROD

Photo Editor

Emily Ryan Lerner

I'm getting the head-cold that seems to be going around so I'm a little skeptical about how articulate this editorial will end up being. It's difficult for me to sum up the summer of '94, mostly because it's had so many ups and downs. It's even harder for me to sum up my yearbook experience because I don't want to offend anyone (Ha! Ha!). But seriously...I really do appreciate all the hard work and late nights that everybody's put into this thing.

Thanks to all at photo (in hierarchical order): James, Gail for letting me be her little princess, Leo for the hug of death, and of course Avi and Karyn (Kyrnne) for putting up with my bad moods.

Thanks as well to: The Flavoraddicts et al, the Photo shop groupies, and everyone who helped out this summer. (naming individuals would only result in leaving people out by accident, besides I already feel like I've won an award and I'm thanking my producer or something... this is silly)

Hope you all had a swell (tee-hee) summer.

Later -

♥ Emily





ALEX KROLL

Assistant Photo Editor

I'm sitting here in Pub writing this. I'm listening to other people read their editorials and I'm determined to make this nothing like theirs; so here goes.

Roses are red violets are blue, the septic field smells bad and so do you.

Ok I'm not so good at this, so I'll fill the rest of this page up with pointless blabber.

THIS YEAR HAS BEEN GREAT SO I'D LIKE TO THANK A FEW PEOPLE.
THANKS TO MOM, DAD (FOR OBVIOUS REASONS), ERNST, THE CLOWNS, NORA,
SARAH, ROGER, JAMES, GAIL, BERNIE, ERICA, PUB, PHOTO, HEIDI, CELINE, MY
BUNKMATES, AND EVEN BRETT, MAURICE, STU, RICH, MARKI, MOOSE, JEDI JON, MY
GRAND PARENTS, NOAH, SIMON, JEN,
AND JUSTIN FINKLE FOR NO APPARENT REASON

AND NOW SOME QUOTES

"I FORGET EVERYTHING EVEN THE PAIN"JIMI HENDRIX

"WHERE THE HELL IS ALEX ?!!!!!"BERNIE

"NO THEY WON'T LET YOU PRINT THAT"STUART

"I HOPE I GET MY KICKS BEFORE THIS WHOLE !@#* HOUSE GOES UP IN FLAMES"
.....JIM MORRISON

Ellen Hatzén-Assist Foto Editor

In my 2 years here at Bucks Rock, I always wanted to be an editor for one reason: THIS PAGE! I wanted somewhere to thank all the people that needed to be thanked, and so that 500 people could read it. So, here goes (and this isn't in any order).

Rachel: how about another promenade? Thanks for waking me up with a tickle. **Lauren:** thanks for the gossip and writing space on your ceiling. **Zoë:** thanks for "almost" lending me the skirt. You're such an "Ugly Devil;". **Ariel:** thanks for putting up with my blanket. Don't ever get skin cancer, cuz if you do, all that 45 was for nothin! **AmandaR:** I won't be able to get "It's An Art" out of my head for the rest of my life! "Barney" will never be the same. **Judith:** will you play another game of "Egyptian Rat @\$%*" with me? You'll never beat me again. **Ilana:** I still owe you 2 lunches! your parents RULE! **Lizzie:** hey, we didn't go to 12 flags. Maybe we will next summer. **Franny:** if you take me out again, we gotta go to subway so witch lady can help us. Dals rule. Stay sweet. **Alo:** hey, you didn't write to me! That's ok. I posed you and put a blue streak in my hair. Manic Panic rules. **AmandaC:** my dirty jokes won't ever be the same. Your "Gums" one will get a lot of use. I hope YOUR phone # is in the book. **John L:** thanks for getting 300th in the N.M.8. It brought me a thrill that day. **Eric Y:** thanks for writing on the WBBC walls with me. I'm really happy that you don't leave me hanging anymore. **Eric H:** thanks for repeatedly telling me that I rule. You are the true ruler. But, STOP PICKING ON ME! **FOTO:** thanks for everything. Emily, you rule!! **GLASS:** thanks for the hot stuff. Stop bein' so Punchy, Bill! **WBBC:** thanks for the groupiness. I miss Roger, but I'm glad he's gone (sorry Rog, I miss you). **Pub:** thanks for anything you did for me. you guys rule! **S., A., C., A:** thanks for the letters and everything. I miss you more than you know. **Family:** you guys are the greatest! Sorry for being such a pain.

Well, that's all folks! This place means the world to me. See ya as a CIT!!!!!!!!!!!!

P.S. if I forgot anyone, THX!!!!



GREEN M&M'S RULE!!!!!!!!!!!!

♡, Ellen
H

Lee Finkel

asst. photo editor extraordinaire

When I was told I had to write an editorial, my first thought was what to write. Then I was told it had to be turned in tomorrow. I didn't freak but I was nervous. Well, first I have to thank everyone - James, Karyn, Avi, Emily, Gail, and Leo - for helping me with developing and photo skills. Thank you Danielle, Sam, and everyone else I forgot for being great editors. Oh, and most of all, thank you Buck's Rock. This summer I found all the potential I have (well, maybe not all of it, but a lot of it).

I feel that through this summer I have matured and am now able to be more responsible. When you have a project here, you finish it; especially one like the yearbook, a group project run entirely by campers. I feel this is one of the projects that makes Buck's Rock GREAT! Thanks again to all.

Peace. I'm outa here!





Jennifer L. Rosen

Copy Editor Extraordinaire

As a C.I.T. in the Sculpture Shop, I spend half of my day attempting to prevent the campers from igniting me. At night I have the insurmountable pleasure of sleeping next to the metal box which reads,



"Dangerous - High Voltage."

It could be said that for me every day at Buck's Rock Camp is a challenge. Most of these potentially traumatic situations can be met with a smile, however.

If I were a cartoon character, a humongous light bulb would have spontaneously flashed over my head this summer. I was struck with the notion that like the dragons I rendered, all of us have the capacity to breathe fire and fly and mystify; just as all of us have our secrets, our hordes of gold, our treasures which we guard instinctively.

This summer I recognized the sparks of a creative demon within myself and began to wreak pleasant havoc.

I thank everyone at Buck's Rock, from soulmate to camp sister, all at the same time. This group is comprised of the most individualistic, capable and intriguing people I will ever encounter.

I love you.



The Byronic

Would the directors please be quiet?

What's emotion?(Mike)

Rowr.(Sarah)

I swear I got my eye on the chair!

The governor's chair!(Adriane)

Can I have a hug?(Ariana)

Yes, it is funny!(Ian)

OK. I've read just about every editorial ever written in a Buck's Rock yearbook, and I still have no clue as to what to say. But I know that I want to thank the Pub for giving me this job and for having a garden with such a homey feeling. This place kind of calls to you, with its hammocks and chairs, friendly staff, and always a book or two to pick up. Thanks Lani, for listening. Thanks Susanna and Meredith for making my summer interesting. Thanks to all the others at Girls Cabins, including the staff. I love you, Adriane, Damien, Lexi, Mom, Dad, Annie, Jake, Bubsy and Nerro (wherever you may be). Sorry I didn't write.

Howdy, Roger



Girls Cabins

You don't understand, I can't stand it when people touch my stuff!(Lani)

Hey, dudes, that's so intense!(Susanna)

What mess? I cleaned up just 2 weeks ago!(Meredith)

Come to London and we'll go shopping.(Laura)

Any shorter and it'd be a belt!(Davina)

Samantha Garland Copy Editor

Time is like sand.
No matter how hard you hold on,
It eventually slips through your fingers.

(In other words:

Time flies when you're having fun,
and I can't believe it's the end of camp!)

Lots of love,
Sam

Ariana Moses

Moral Support Editor

someone told me that i should write my buck's rock experiences down for this editorial. you know, how my summer went. i thought to myself, how can i put a whole summer down on one page? the fact of the matter is that i can't. it's simply impossible. then that same person who shall rename mainless (mlee) said that i could because nothing is impossible at buck's rock (ha) so just to please her i will sum up my summer in 43 words.

came to camp
it rained
performed a show
more rain
second session
still more rain
became moral support editor
gave hugs and backrubs
cast in jesus christ superstar
rain
made assistant director of the byronic
more hugs
went on an overnight
hugs

the rest is not done.

it won't be done for another week and a half
a week and a half? where did the time go?
oh well, i still got a week and a half.

i suppose i should thank people.

from the start, i'm going to apologize to the people i left out, because i know i will forget someone.

thanks to my lovable roommates from both sessions (*rachel* (top), *rachel* (bottom), *danya*, *cece*, and *megan*), who dealt with my hysterical fits of laughter, my sloppiness and my mood swings

thanks to the farmie five for being the source of my joy (sometimes)

thanks to the farm itself for just being the farm, with the lovely hay loft and staff.

thanks to *andrea*, *jill*, *todd*, *rachel*, *sarah* and *c.c.* for dealing with my lateness and singing of incredibly annoying songs

thanks to my house counselors for putting up with me

thanks to the fellow editors for just being there.

thanks to *liz*, *kate*, *beth*, *rachel*, *andrea*, *bernie*, *jason*, *sam*, *ian*, *sarah*, *sarah*, *adriane*, *davina*, *laura*, *allison*, *liz*, *chris*, *spencer*, *karen*, *jill*, and everyone else for the hugs.

thanks to the pub staff for making it friendly and noisy

thanks to *ian* for the innuendo, *mike* for the emotion, *samantha* for rolling down the hill, *sarah* for not killing me yet, *adriane* for the governors chair, and all five for the show.

thanks to *steve* and *jeff* for believing i had talent and casting me.

thanks to *jessie* for being there, even though no one here knows you except roy and you're never there when i call

thanks to *ernst* for letting me pet his cat, telling me about the camp name, and for creating buck's rock in the first place.

thanks to my goat *esprit* for not kicking me in the head

thanks to all my friends for not giving up on me

thanks to my parents for conceiving, giving birth, raising, and sending me here.

thanks to *ariane* for dancing with me

and

thanks to me, for not going crazy.

I was gratified that I



know - Mark Twain

could answer and I did so

I didn't

MORAL SUPPORT EDITOR

Marc Mayer

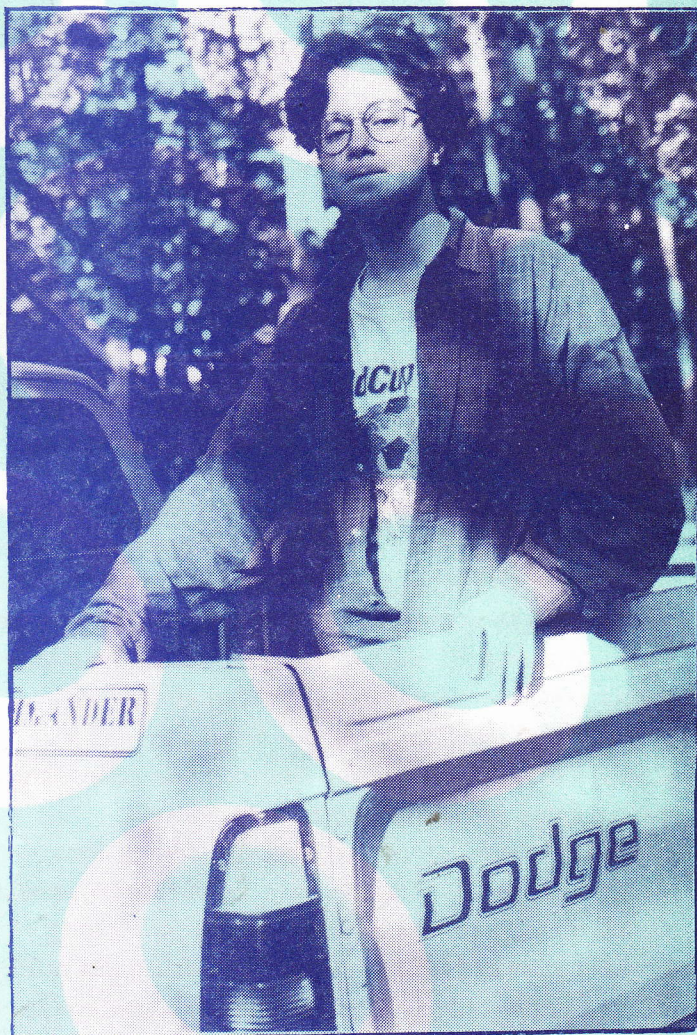
Very Important Little Decisions

Little decisions have shaped not only my summer but my life, which has made me who I am today. Dragonfly Eye shows the many different aspects of one event, good or bad. My friends and experiences this summer gave me the true identity I have been searching for. Finding who I am means much more to me than a piece of artwork I would take home. I have found who I like to be.

These Very Important Little Decisions helped me make friends. The Knight [pronounced Kinight] of the Fork I met while auditioning for Love of the Nightingale, and I put my foot in my mouth when I saw Liz Scheier, leaving a lasting impression on her. Perhaps I've also given other people such memories while I've been finding who I am.

LIST OF THANX

Marisa, Alexa, Jess La Baugh, Jess + Meed, Liz Nickrenz, Liz Scheier, Mom, Dad, Daniella, Danielle, Kate, Clown Shop, Batik, Holly, Irving, Myq, Sam, Shelley, Beth, Industrial Coffee, John Refior, Jen Rosen - Jenny Fish, Shana and Sam, The Muppets, Mahnahmahhh..., Animal Farm, Rachel, and Ernst, one of the most incredible men that I have ever met.



"Two roads diverged in the wood, and I - I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference."

"The Road not Taken"

- Robert Frost

I have a page! I have a page!

(Sorry, it's just that every time I've read past yearbooks I've wanted my own page like the editors have. And now I have one. So I'd better make it good--no pressure...)

I think I'll thank people first, then see if I have any space left to ruminate about yearbook, life, Personal Growth, etc. I wish I could make this list in preferential order, so I could put everyone first. But I can't. So, in no particular order:

THANK YOU Marisa, for being a good friend--can I use some of your cotton balls? Jen R., for the great letters and for singing with me when I'm depressed--you'll never know the good you've done me. Abe, for the hugs and for making life and Buck's Rock theater more interesting. Abby, for being the world's greatest ASM. Kate--my fellow fire-fighter, muse-chaser and putter-upper--for letting me be melodramatic when I needed to be. Liz--we've been friends since the Year of the Blond Flat-Top and hopefully ever after. Love ya--thanks for always being there. Arie, for being a fig. CC--my amazing roomie--for never failing to cheer me when I was confused, and for tellin' it like it is. Julie, for knowing your way around Boston better than I do. Dave H., for the songs: "All that matters is the singing." Jen H., an amazing actress and a great friend, for always being supportive and a great hugger. Myq, for being mysterious. Sam, for protecting Pub from the giant cabbages. Isaac, if you read this, for counsel on my love life. Raphael, for letting me call you Raphael. Lexie, for being a Techie Goddess--the room's not the same without you! (No guilt...) Emily R.-L., for putting those neat little stickers everywhere. Andrew, for paying the phone bills and for the Christmas gift although you shouldn't have. Adam, for being yourself and for making me happy. Danielle, for the conversation. Pete, for being a great drummer and playing all the junk we wanted you to. Morgana, for putting up with bunk craziness and guitar at 12:00 AM and for letting me borrow your tapes. Marc, for wearing good colors and helping me batik. Jest, for climbing on porches and for Crowd Maintenance. Beth, for learning Helplessly Hoping. Ariana, for the Moral Support and for being my model. Gena, for persevering. Mike R., for fascinating chats. And of course, thank you Ernst--how many amazing speeches have you turned out in fifty years?!

Plus everyone else, plus that one person who I will realize at 2:00 AM that I forgot and hence I will not be able to sleep for the rest of the night. But seriously, I can tell you: if I talked to you on the porch for ten minutes, you probably changed my life; it's been that kind of summer. So I guess I should thank everyone reading this, not just for taking the time to read **MY PAGE!!**, but also just for being around and being part of my life and part of the incredible experience this summer has been. Thanks. I'll shut up now.

Elizabeth Hadley Amadea Nickrenz

Moral Support Editor



A DAY IN THE STRIFE

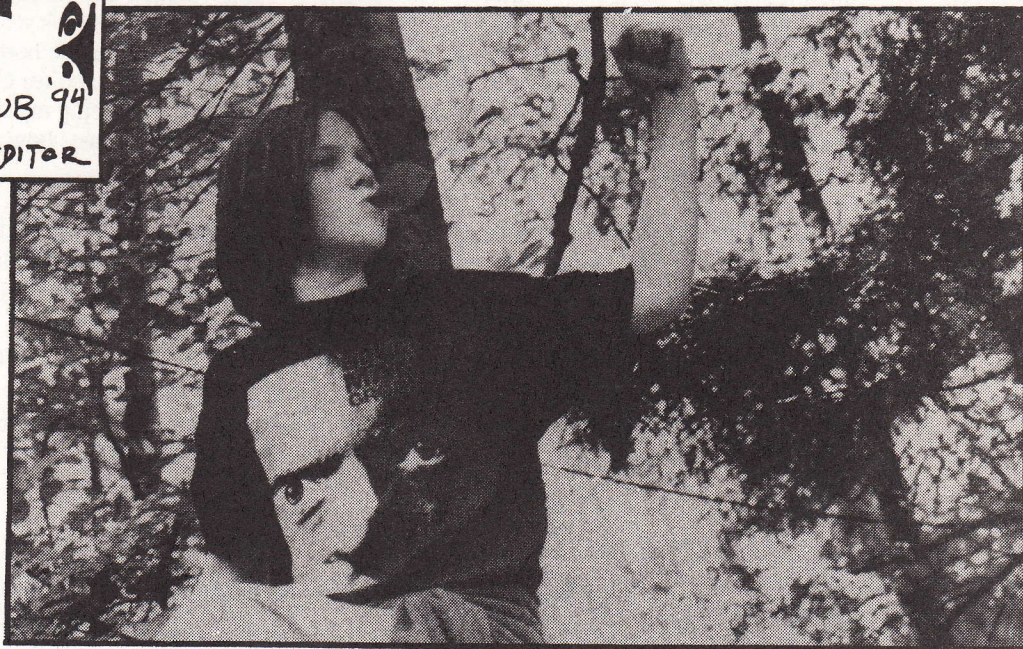
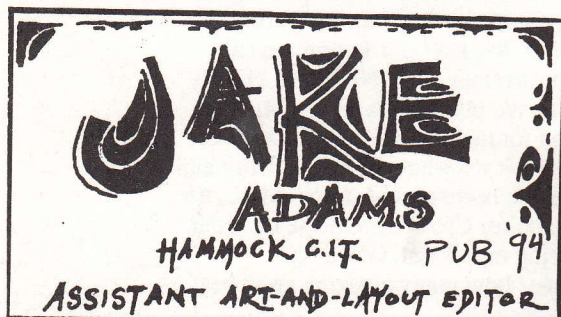
****DING****

****DING**** After a friendly good mourning from my house counselor, I: shower, eat breakfast, brush my teeth, comb my hair, and get dressed (not necessarily in that order).

****DING**** I now: check the birdhouse, go to Pub meetings and rehearsals, not to mention guitar misc..

****DING**** Lunch rears its ugly head; I say hi to: Sam, Danielle, Dan, Dave, Roger, Jess...t, Emily?, Liz, Becky, Carla, Nari, Andrew, Sarah, Gillian, Jamie, Sylvie, Adam, Maxwell and Eduardo (R.C.O.C.), Red or Lindsey, Joel, Karyn, Mike, Wiley, Mike, John, Emily, Salvador, Lauren, Jen, Francesco, Arlo, Liz, Rachel, Girl, Kate, Ariella, E.L.M. & D. & B., Amy, Sasha, Rosie, Céleste, Suzanne and Rachel, Jessi, Darrell, Myq, Sam, and, of course, Adam Detsky.

****DING**** "Back to work: "Go away!" "Why haven't you finished that marbleized paper?" "Tough; I outrank you." "I'm going to have to confiscate that." "Everybody shut-up!"...



****DING**** Snack! Oh God! Not those mushy sprinkle things! Buck's Rock is the only camp talented enough to make the iced-tea taste like water, and the water taste like iced-tea. Of course, although it would be nice, I did not come here, to Buck's Rock, to have good food and clean bathrooms; I came for the...

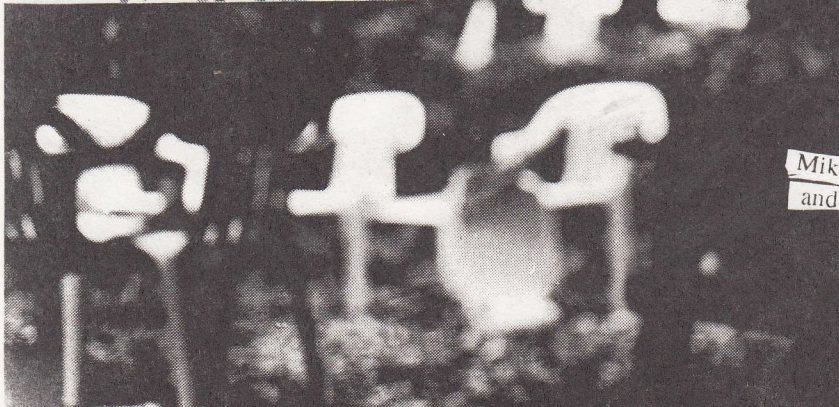
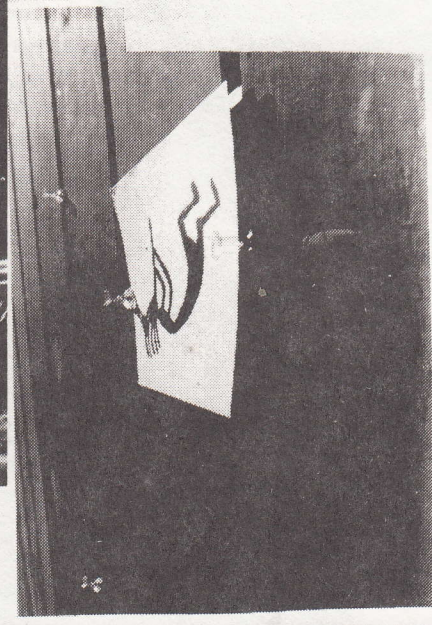
****DING**** Get dinner over with and go to canteen.

****DING**** What the *@#\$^! is Salmagundi? Why do I think that I don't want to know?

****DING**** The moon is up, and the sun is down, the O.D. is out roving, and, for me, the day begins—at night. I slip out in my socks and find a comfy spot to reside on the rooftops. I watch the bats and stars—sometimes a passing C.I.T.. Moments like these I find only at Buck's Rock: and, although it is often fun to joke about, Buck's Rock is my home away from home. Of course, so was military school; but that's another story.

See that guy two pictures down? Yeah, him. That's how I feel right now. Not that I don't love working around the clock on yearbook (I do), but it's over, man. RAD!! Well. I wanna thank

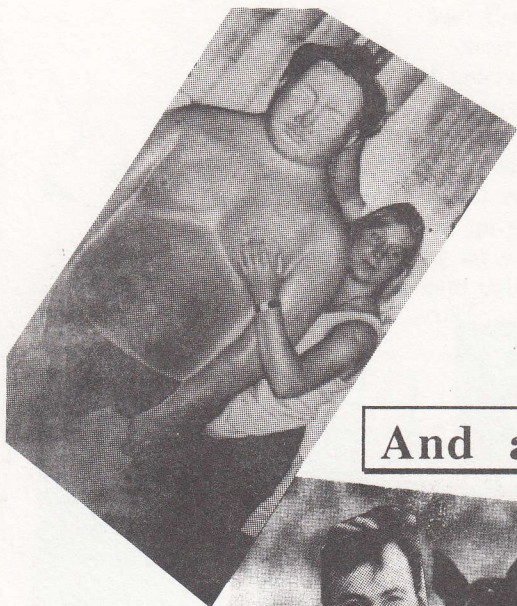
James, Gail and Leo for teaching me everything I know about photo; Karyn, Avi and Emily-teaching me everything else; Beth Joseph for getting me interested in photo; Alicia Silverstone for being really really hot; Bob Weir and John Barlow for writing my favorite Dead tune ('Throwing Stones'); Sam for putting up with more of me than everyone else had to; Danielle for putting up with less of me than Sam, but still more than anyone deserves to;



THANKS
TO
OCTAVIO, ALANNA
MIKE AJERMAN, LEO
and anyone else who kept

Thanks to everyone at art. You're all like cool and stupid. Thanks to Led Zep for being the greatest band ever assembled. me company while I was printing all night.

Thanks to Matt Dicke for being a loyal Zepellin fan. Thanks to Lyndal for putting up with me, drawing cool pictures, and letting me use them for photos. Thanks to I who didn't wake up when I accidentally stepped on him at 2:30am when getting into bed. IT'S BEEN REAL!

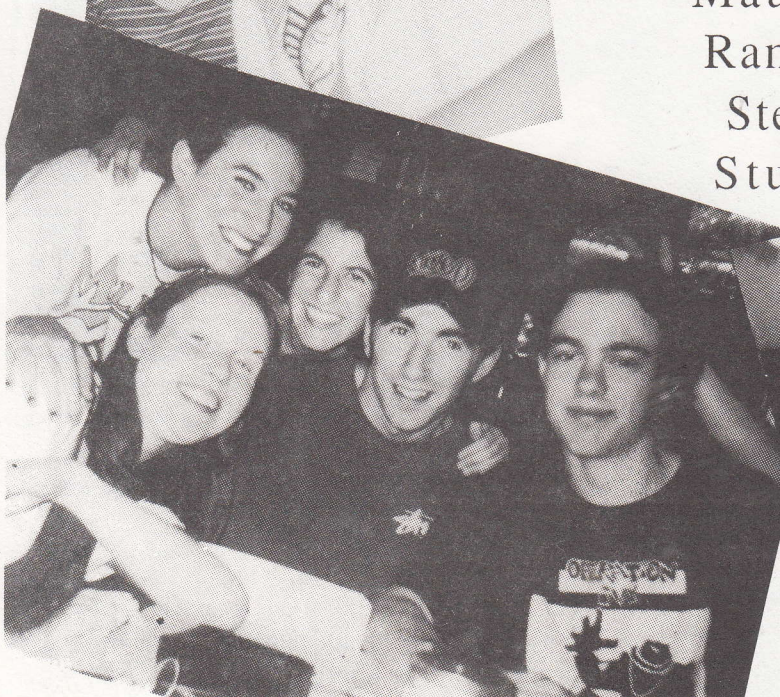


PUB'94
SHOP?



And a Very Special Thanks to:

Bernie
Bob
Charli
Danilo
Gail
Ian
James
Jelly
Jessie
Jon
Josh
Leo
Maurice
Randee
Steve
Stuart



A Letter from the Directors



DIRECTORS

How fascinating that Dragonfly Eye has been chosen as the title of your yearbook, providing a theme for this year's experiences at Buck's Rock. Viewing the world through multiple lenses, a dragonfly thus sees many facets of the world. A dragonfly does no harm, existing peacefully within the community, maintaining its own specialness and adding richness to the variations of life around it. A dragonfly is capable of traveling great distances, thereby touching briefly many inhabitants of its environment, perhaps effecting small changes that only a close look would reveal.

Imagine now, if you will, a special dragonfly, gifted with the knowledge that all of life is a creative process. Such a dragonfly observing Buck's Rock would see that this summer's experiences are unique to the energies and dreams of all the members of this very special community. It would also instinctively know that each summer is linked to past summers by the commonality of human hopes and dreams—dreams of living, growing, connecting with people and flourishing in a place where we are all celebrated for our individual strengths. And just as any dragonfly is at liberty to fly from place to place, you too have been given the opportunity here to move about freely, choosing and exploring our various shops, studios, performing areas and activities.

If our special dragonfly could spend a summer at Buck's Rock and then reconnect with the outer world as you are expected to do, it might occasionally experience confusion, anger, and concern at the world's preoccupation with violence and intolerance. Such feelings are understandable; yet it's our belief that the children and staff at Buck's Rock who continue to apply the creative processes learned here will eventually reshape their present lives, constructing a future filled with hope and renewed faith in the concepts of personal and communal growth.

We believe that each of you has experienced growth through the creative process that has been in place here at Buck's Rock for 52 years. Hopefully, your imagination and spirit will now take wing as the dragonfly does, and you will not only see the world as it is, but also have the vision to make changes, creating a better world.

Many years ago, a new camper came to Buck's Rock for his first summer. On the opening day of camp, he could already be found in the Publications Shop, editing a poem he had just written. Here is an excerpt:

Ways of Seeing

Here, I see my own way, different from the others,
and I like that, to see what only I can,
and imagine what others don't know.

At night I see daytime,
and during the day, I see night.

I know it's backwards,
but that's the fun of it,
that's the freedom.

After writing his poem, the camper traveled to other shops. He made a painting in art, joined the orchestra, became a clown, and threw a pot in ceramics. He sewed his own clothing and hatiked it, blew a glass vase, and cared for an animal at the farm. When his counselor asked

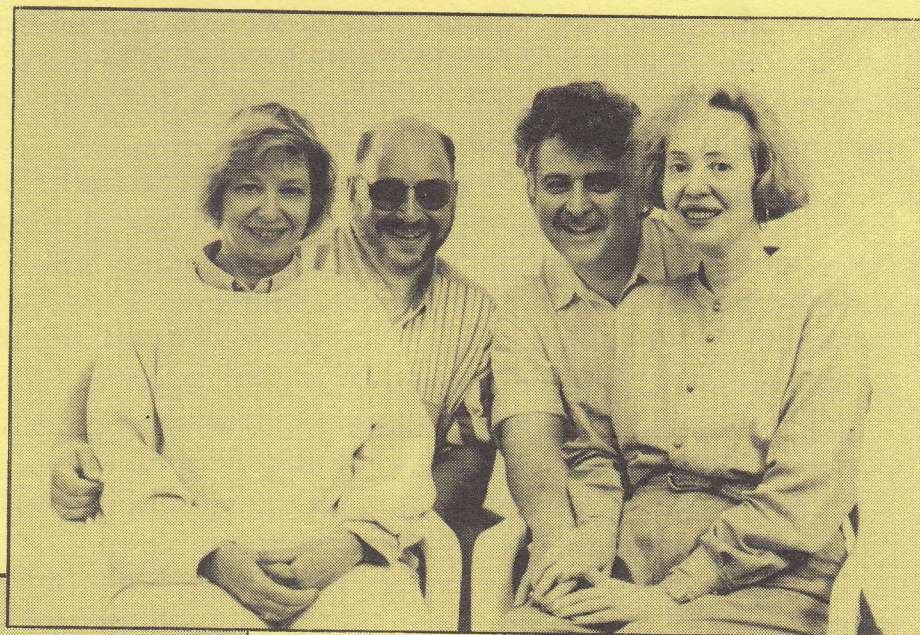
him how things were going, the camper responded, "I love Buck's Rock because I see things differently here, and my opinion counts."

Each summer at Buck's Rock, this story is repeated anew. Perhaps a camper goes to the Jewelry Shop and makes a ring, or to the Leather Shop to make a belt. Or perhaps the camper goes to WBBC and hosts a radio show, or to Silkscreen to make a print. But one thing is always the same: for each of us, Buck's Rock offers new freedoms and opportunities that we sometimes can't find during the rest of the year in school. Like the camper in the story above, we have here at Buck's Rock the freedom to explore, to express ourselves, to discover our own interests. We each, in our own way, learn that we are different and are appreciated for it.

As you leave Buck's Rock, we hope you have exercised your dragonfly eye, discovering new facets in the world and in yourself, learning to see things in fresher, more colorful ways.

Our best wishes for the coming year; we look forward to seeing you at reunion!

Marilyn, Ed, Stan, and Marlene



Ron Danzig



Dragonfly Eye

A letter from Ernst

ERNST



Your title, Dragonfly Eye, reminds me of Argus, a figure from ancient Greek legends. But let us begin at the beginning...

Prometheus taught mankind the use of fire, the fire that he had stolen from the gods. In punishment for this, Zeus had Prometheus chained to a rock in the Caucasus Mountains, where a vulture would come every day to eat his liver, which grew back every night.

One day a snow white cow came clambering up the mountain to visit Prometheus. The cow was in fact a woman, Io, whom Zeus' wife Hera had persecuted. Hera was jealous because Zeus had loved Io. To protect Io from Hera's ire, Zeus transformed Io into a white heifer, but had to turn her over to his wife; Hera in turn gave poor Io to her herdsman, Argus.

Ah yes, Argus. The perfect watcher: he had a hundred eyes; when some eyes closed in his sleep, others always stayed open so Io could not escape. But Zeus took pity on Io, and commanded Hermes, messenger of the Gods, to kill Argus. Hermes, clad as a peasant, went to visit Argus and, with the sweet sounds of his flute, lulled the hundred-eyed herdsman to sleep--completely to sleep. Then Hermes killed Argus, whose hundred eyes Hera gave to the peacock, her favorite bird, who proudly wears them on his tail to this very day.

Yet Io was not free. Hera turned on her again and set a poisonous fly on Io that drove her mad, until in her flight she met Prometheus, the carrier of fire and a fellow sufferer...

Men and women do not have Argus' eyes, they only have two eyes. But those "eyes are the windows of their souls, their souls shine through their eyes," says the poet. Beautiful words! Yet still we do not know exactly how images projected onto our retinas become part of our conscious minds. "*Saepe tacens vocem verbaque vultus habet*," wrote Ovid of ancient Rome. "Often in a silent look of your eyes are voices and words." Eyes can speak and eyes can understand. If we could only fully understand. But we are human, with limitations. Still, Sophocles, the tragedian of ancient Greece, praises Man in his play Antigone:

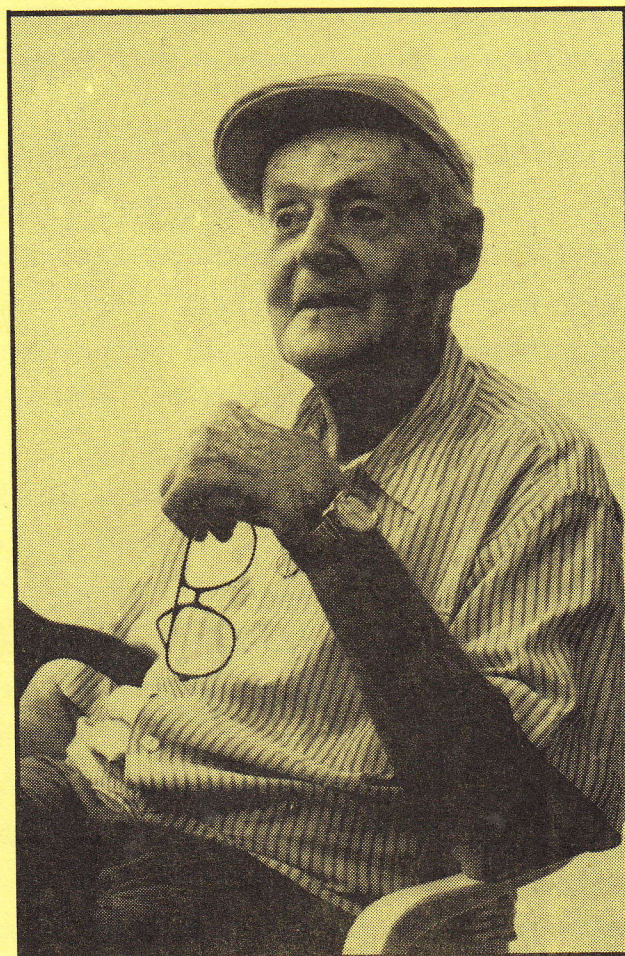
"Wonders there are many--none more wonderful than Man. His the might that crosses seas swept white by storms. He the master of the beast lurking in the wild hills. His is speech and wind-swift thought."

Such are men and women. What is the dragonfly, *Libellula lydia*? A harmless insect living on mosquitos and gnats. Her filmy wings glitter in the sunshine. She uses them to fly swiftly, restless like the hummingbird. Fragile, ever at the mercy of bats searching for food. There was a time when people were afraid of bats and dragonflies. Now we know that both bats and dragonflies are harmless creatures who eat mosquitoes and gnats. Instead, we are now afraid of mosquitoes and gnats, because they sting and get into our eyes...

The eyes, the eyes of dragonflies. One of the millions of miracles, millions of puzzles that

They seem to like the sun. They reflect sunlight on their shimmering bodies, but they do not know the sun. Or do they? How can we know what the dragonfly senses, what a dragonfly sees? Ah, there's the mystery. A dragonfly has a hundred eyes. But what does a dragonfly see with her hundred eyes? We know that Argus with his hundred eyes watched Hera's herds. We can identify with him. If Hera commanded us to guard her flocks, we would understand, we could obey or refuse. But the dragonfly? Can we understand the dragonfly? We do not know how she uses her eyes. We do not know what her lenses reflect. We can never identify with the dragonfly and her eyes. And she is only a harmless insect. We understand, since Darwin, the Origin of the Species. We understand evolution. We are very wise, we know a great deal. But do we really understand? Do we know what goes on in the mosquito at the moment it is devoured by a dragonfly, do we know what goes on in the dragonfly as it devours the mosquito? Do we really understand the multitudes of species that surround us, we humans who often do not understand each other, who often do not understand ourselves? True understanding requires identification with what we are not, it means stepping outside ourselves, becoming both object and observer. What does the dragonfly feel when she sees with her multiple eyes?

The Dragonfly Eye. Showing us the many things we know, that we understand, piquing our curiosity to know more, to understand better, indicating what we don't know yet, revealing what we may never know. The Dragonfly Eye. Do we understand what we see? Does the Dragonfly?



Ernst

Buck's Rock Annual Reunion

Sunday December 11th

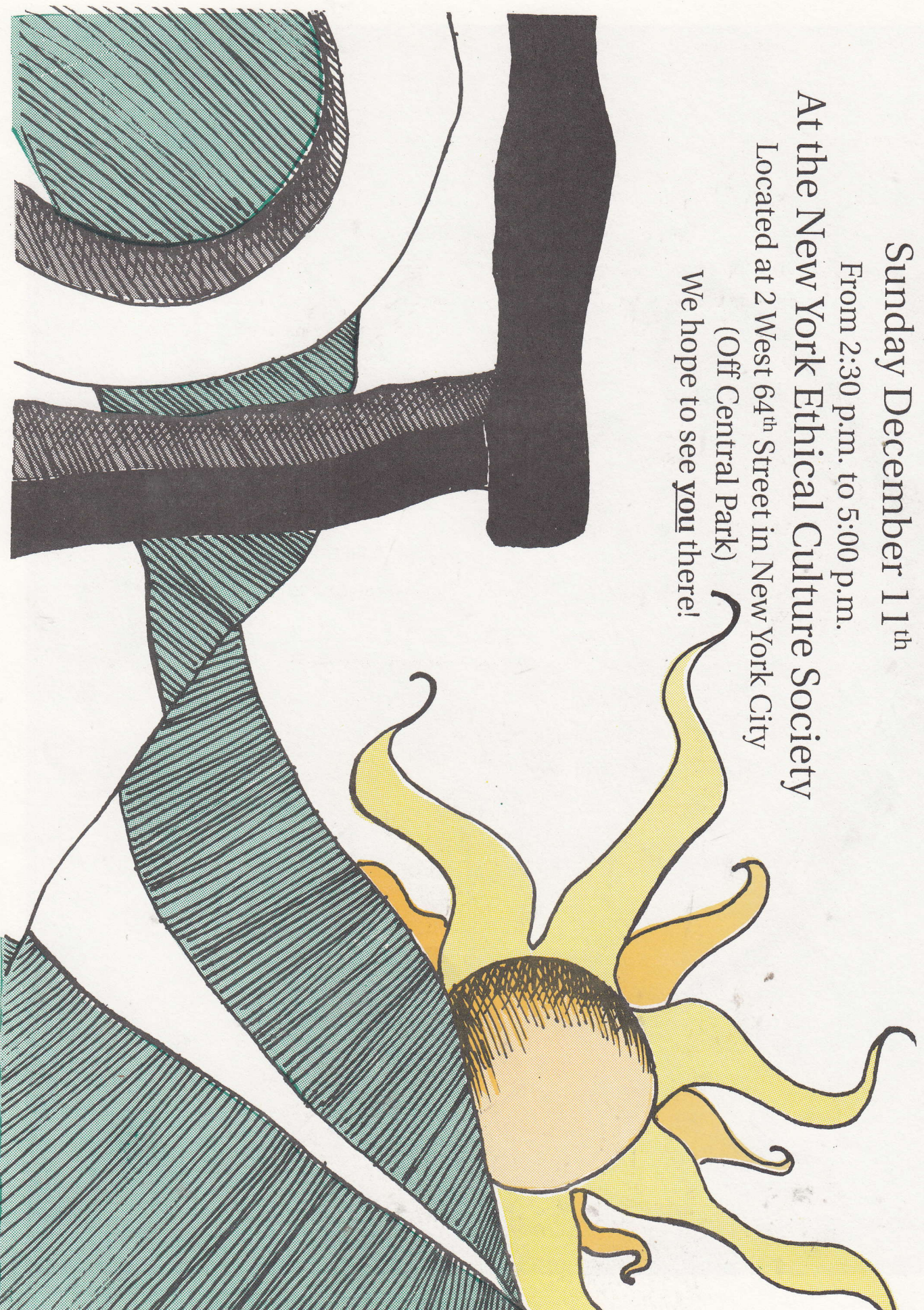
From 2:30 p.m. to 5:00 p.m.

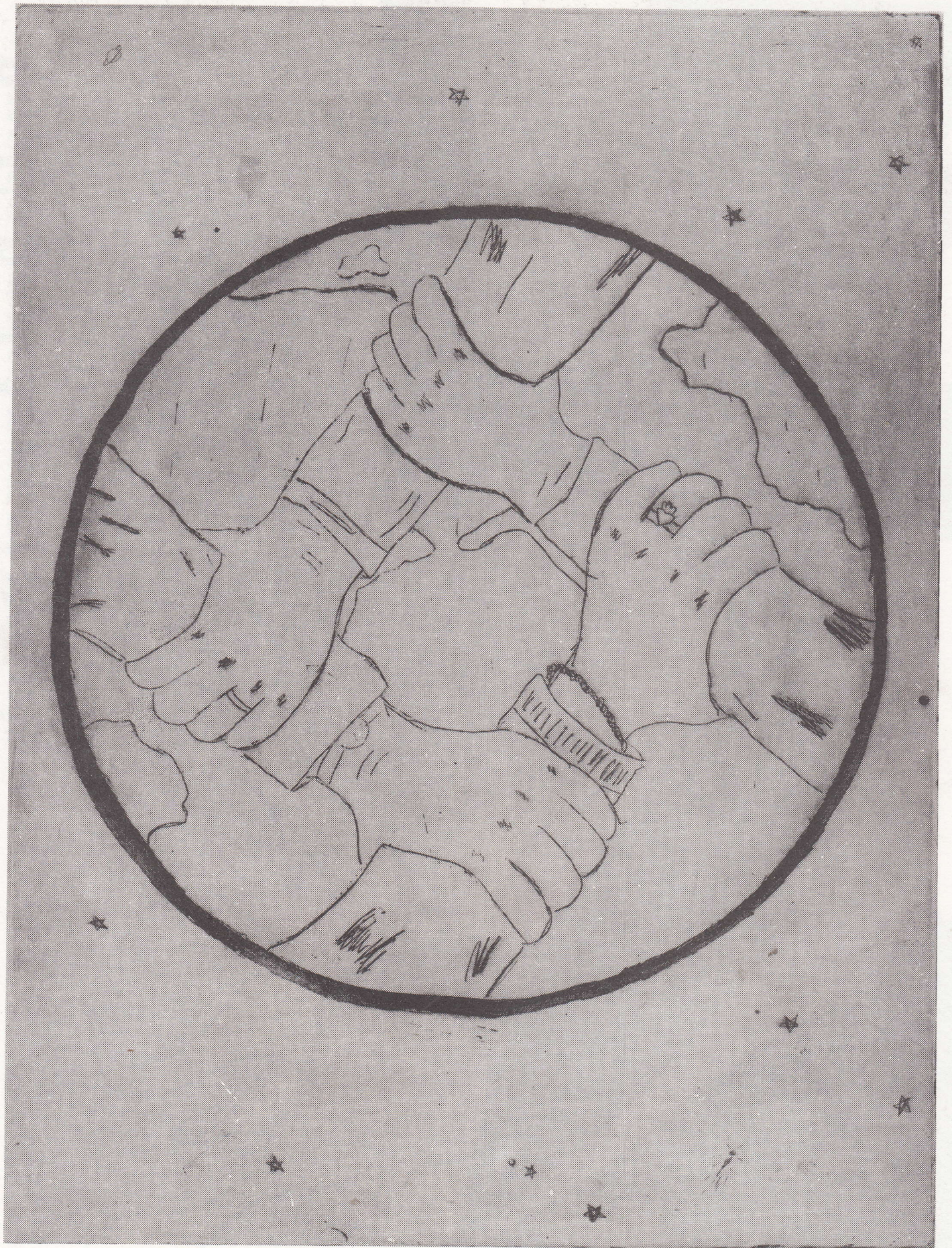
At the New York Ethical Culture Society

Located at 2 West 64th Street in New York City

(Off Central Park)

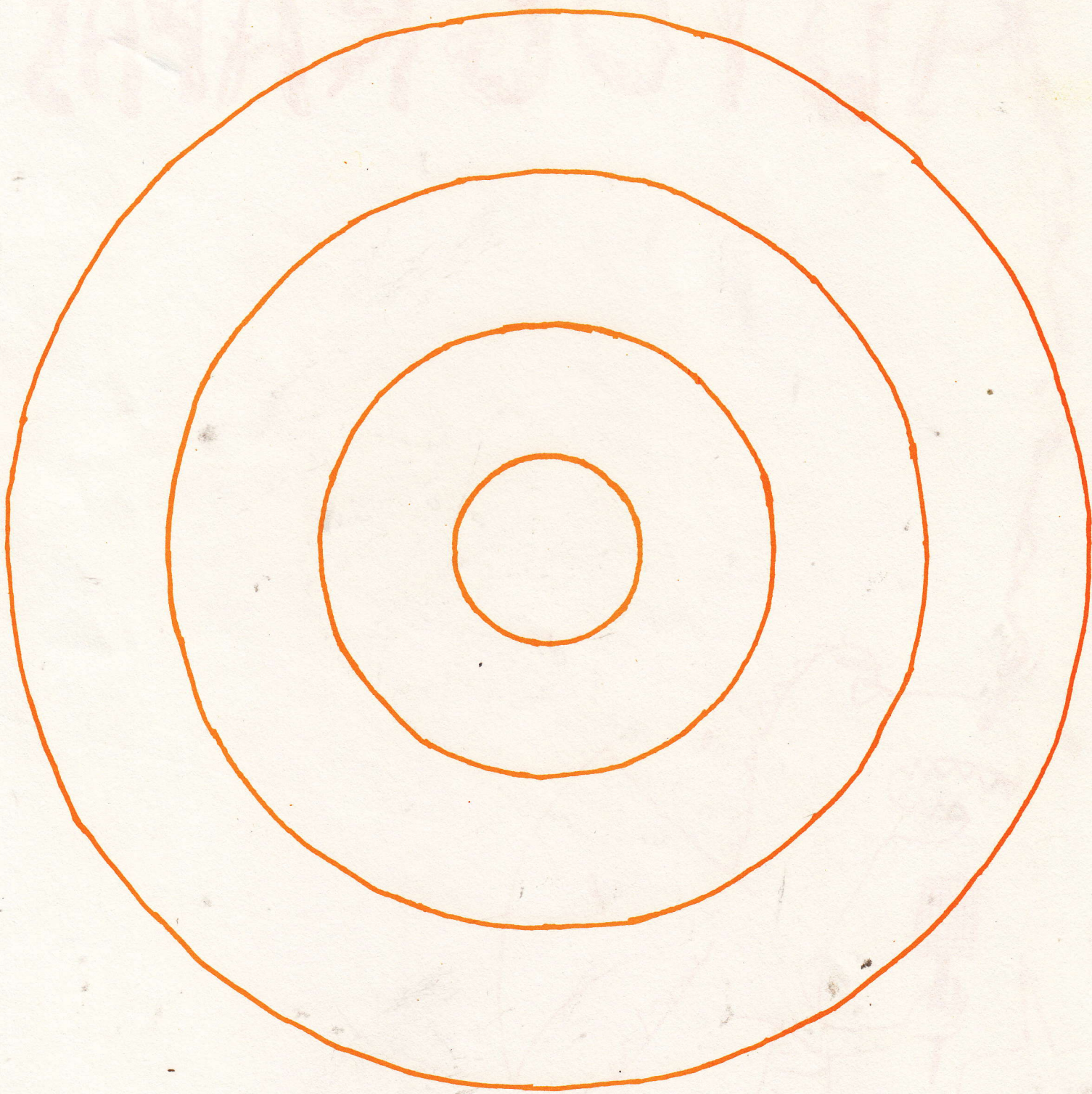
We hope to see you there!





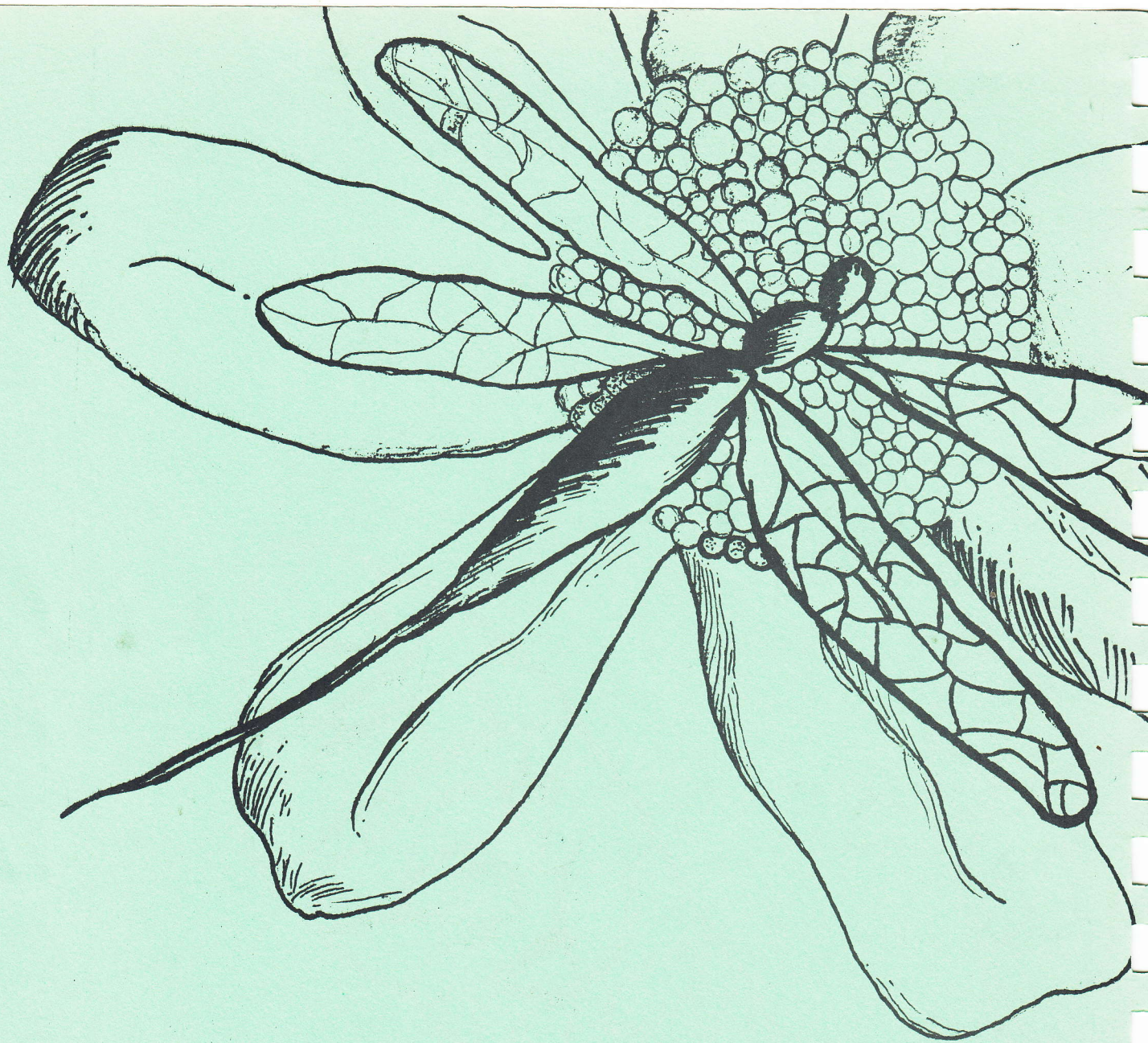
AUTOGRAPHS





THIS PAGE IS FOR SWATTING FLIES
(OR AUTOGRAPHS)





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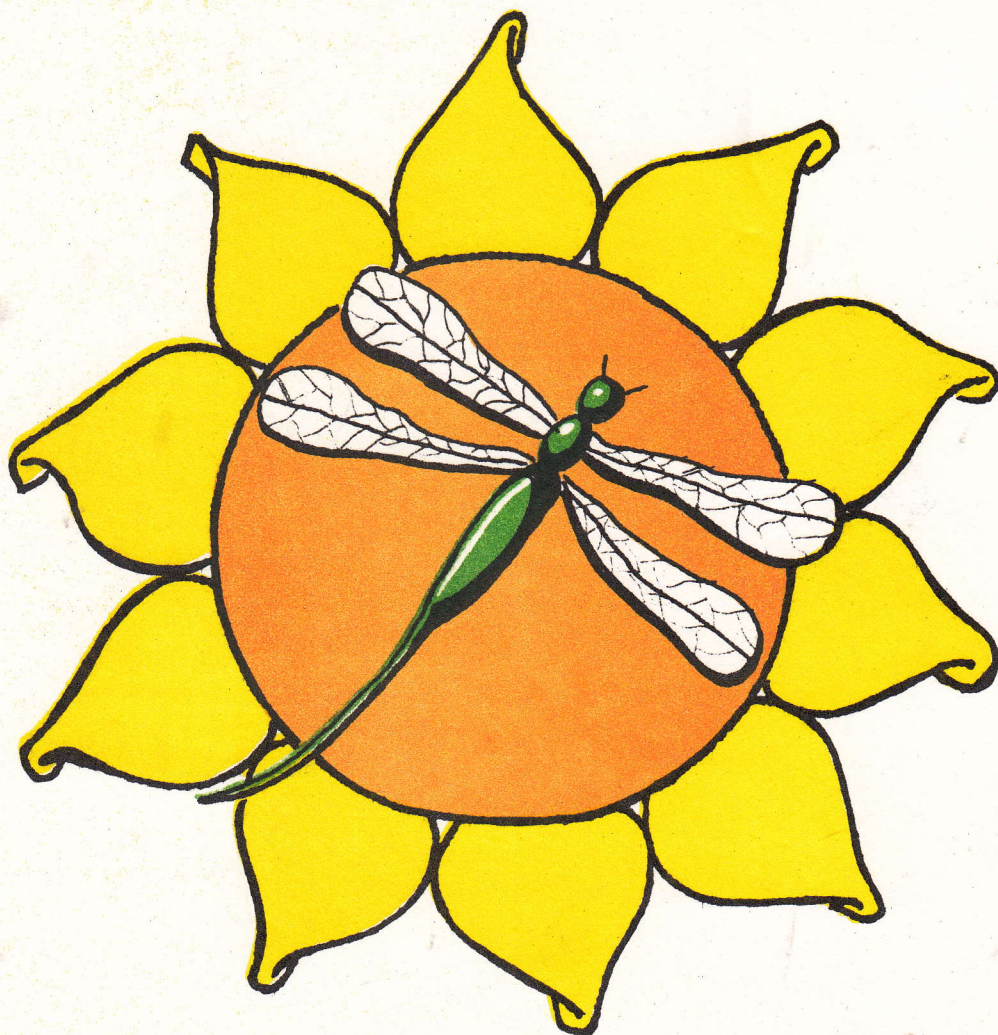
Jon Azrielant, Roy Berman, Brett "Bert" Kizner, Ariana Moses, Darrell Silver.

Silkscreen

Kerrith Solomon with the staff and campers at Printmaking and Silkscreen.

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'NINETEEN NINETY-FOUR'.
BUCK'S ROCK SUMMER CAMP